

APRIL 1992
FREE

TRIBE 8
SOUNDGARDEN
LEAVING TRAINS
BABES IN TOYLAND

THAT FOXCORE MAGAZINE FROM CTR FM 101.9

**D
I
S
C
O
R
D
E
R**

CiTR
101.9 FM

presents Dr. Dream recording artists from Los Angeles



FRIDAY APRIL 3

WITH **ENIGMAS**

AND SPECIAL GUESTS **THE SWEATERS**

Tickets are available at all **TICKET-MASTER** locations, all **Eaton's** and **Infocentres** in major malls or **CHARGE**
BY PHONE: 280-4444.

The Fabulous
COMMODORE
870 Granville Mall

DISCORDER

APRIL 1992 - ISSUE #111 ...

"My pet cat Pokey would read Disorder but he hasn't grown opposable thumbs yet"

IRREGULARS

LEAVING TRAINS

Pack Yer...Er, Um, Bags.....13

S&W CONFERENCE

Rob Boper Puts On The Spurs.....15

NITZER EBB

And They Didn't Even Talk About Skateboarding...17

TRIBE 8

Pioneering The Term "Dyke-Core".....19

SOUNGARDEN

Ask "Why Aren't You In A Hardcore Band?"20

BABES IN TOYLAND

Lookin' California, and Feelin' Minnesota...23

REGULARS

ENNDYE.....3	REAL LIVE ACTION.....29-31
AIRHEAD.....5-6	UNDERREVIEW.....32-33
MINIS.....8-10	MOFO.....33
FUTURE RAP.....25	SPINLIST.....34
VANCOUVER SPECIAL.....25	ON THE DIAL.....35
7" SINGLES.....27	DATEBOOK.....38

COMICS

STUPID DUMMYHEDS...by Rob Adamson.....5
I WONDER...by Ian Boothby.....6
EVERYTHINGS DUCKY...by Blaine Thuermer.....11
THE BLANK GENERATION...by Gary Wildeman.....27
JUNKFLESH...by Bryce Thing.....37

COVER

Although we don't even have an article on the Cramps for you, we could't pass up the chance of running this stunning photo of Poison Ivy. Len Whistler (photographer extraordinaire), you've outdone yourself.

OFFICE USE ONLY

EDITOR Paul L. Brooks CO-EDITORS Sara Faulkner ART DIRECTOR Deborah Bolling-Gore PRICE PRODUCTION/MANAGER Lydia Schymanski EDITORIAL/PRODUCTION ASSISTANTS Mindy Abramowitz, Chris Buchanan, Tom Chang, Bryce Dunn, Melo, Mark Pilon, Coral Short, Chris Uren, Karl Ulrich, Steve Wells GRAPHICS Mark Pilon, Karl Ulrich PROGRAM GUIDE Adam Sloan SPINLIST Mindy Abramowitz, Anthony Hampell, Chris Uren ADVERTISING Anthony Hampell LOCAL DISTRIBUTION Matt Stefflich BUSINESS MANAGER Linda Scholten SUBSCRIPTIONS/MAIL DISTRIBUTION Linda Scholten STATESIDE DISTRIBUTION/DATEBOOK Randy Iwata TECHNICAL SUPPORT Sue O'Brien PUBLISHER Ken Smith ACCOUNTS Linda Scholten Disorder Copyright © 1992 by The Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Disorder is that magazine from CITR 101.9 FM, and is printed monthly in Canada on paper manufactured in Canada. Disorder prints what it wants to, including the CITR On The Dial program guide and the CITR Spinlist playlist charts. Circulation is 20,000 copies distributed free to over 230 locations. 12-month subscriptions are \$15 in Canada, \$15 (US) to the states, and \$24 elsewhere. Please mail cheques or money orders payable to Disorder Magazine. Deadline for ads and submissions is the 15th of the month. We want your stuff—send it our way, and if we like it, we'll use it; if not, we'll lose it. "I've never seen a cat eat a Reuben sandwich."

CITR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock. Office hours for CITR, Mobile Sound, and Disorder are Monday-Friday, 10-4. Call CITR DJ line 622-CITR, our offices at 622-3017, on news + sports at 622-2487, fax us c/o CITR at 622-9019, or write Disorder, #233-6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6T 1Z1.

PRINTED IN CANADA

Life With the Family Enndye

The advent of spring causes me to stop and check on my mental progress. I ask myself am I still clever after all this time but find I'm too weakminded to answer. I want to run around in the sun (unfortunately my knee hurts, damn). My job is physical labor. Perhaps it's helped to make my brain atrophy. I pick friends who make me laugh but don't ever borrow money they can't eventually pay back. Education, according to a source close at hand but I'm not telling, is exercise for the brain. Like any other muscle it must be taxed, trained, toughened. Bad news for me. Oh no. Knowing some good student factoring his polynomials diligently and getting a hard firm brain makes a person think "not for me though." Though factoring is a skill which can never be applied, it can be graded I hear and it makes educators who already know how to factor seem very clever. I myself love to read but just for fun. I know when D.H. Lawrence writes that he's never heard "such a superfluity of meretricious persiflage" he's saying "wot piffle" and I feel I know wot's going on. I never think about my progress except in spring when meaningless happiness infects me. I must have been too busy carrying my limp soggy brain about in the sunshine (wot a lot of insects we've got this year) on a day in April not factoring anything at all.

Bud Enndye

SATURDAY ESCAPE FROM DOMINATION



RADIOACTIVE CHEAP HIGHBALLS

DANCE YOUR F&%@#N' ASS OFF!
FRESH RAVE AND DANCE TRAXX FROM EUROPE
2 DJs AND 5 TURNTABLES
BATTLE FOR LAW & ORDER

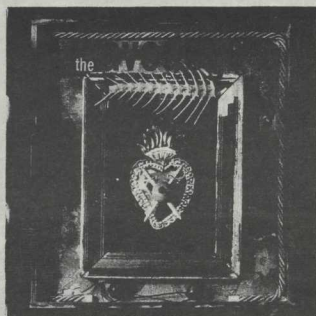
EX—PERIENCE IT!

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

TAKE A TAXI AND GET IN FREE!
7 ALEXANDER ST. GASTOWN • 682-8550

the cavedogs

soul martini



7⁹⁴
cass
12⁹⁴
c.d.

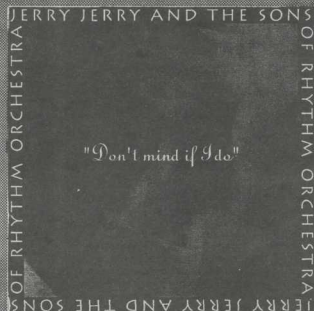
The Cavedogs burst onto the alternative scene in 1990 with *Joyrides For Shut-Ins*, an exhilarating debut album on reviewer described as "Paul McCartney meets Husker Du".

Soul Martini, produced by Micheal Beinhorn (Red Hot Chili Peppers) is the band's first sustained studio undertaking and it veers audaciously from post-punk tumult to panoramic pop to Rhythmic whiplash to Brian Wilsonesque grandeur.

Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra

"Don't Mind If I Do"

DON'T MISS JERRY JERRY
LIVE
AT THE TOWN PUMP
WITH BOOTSAUCE
APRIL 15, 16, & 17



7⁹⁴
cass
12⁹⁴
c.d.

YOUR TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE
a&b sound

A&B CLAIMS: For all your insurance
Claims Needs 688-0091

TOLL FREE: Out of Town
1-800-663-0596

Downtown Vancouver
South Vancouver
East Vancouver
Metrotown Burnaby
North Surrey
Downtown Victoria
Downtown Nanaimo

556 Seymour St.
732 SW Marine Dr.
3422 E Hastings (at Cassiar)
6568 Kingsway
10280 - 135th St.
641 Yates St.
9 Commercial St.

687-5837
321-5112
298-0464
439-0223
589-7500
385-1461
753-3241



FLOGGING A DEAD HORSE

Dear Airhead,

This letter is in response to the response of Jules Killam's article "Counter-culture to sub-culture" (Try to figure that one out) I know you guys are probably getting bored of receiving so many letters on one article, but hey, we live in a free country, don't we?

OK, to start off, I've been an avid reader of the *Discorder* for a while now. (Please no more clichés!). The reason is because this is the one newspaper where people can write what they feel without the fear of...GASP...censorship. Now, to my point: both of the past responses have been blatantly racist and ignorant for a couple of reasons.

First, you can't categorize music into big blocks such as "Black American music" or "Alternative, talentless, fucked-up, middle class youth with no ambition to play to their peers." Sure MC Hammer's lyrics don't cut it for me either, but then you have a lot of "Black American music" with very meaningful lyrics, such as Public Enemy. The same holds true for alternative music: You have your meaningful lyric groups like the Smiths, or Bauhaus, but then you get shit groups like Nirvana (can I please hear that song one more time?).

Why does music have to be classified in the first place? Is it so it can be marketed easier?

Sorry, getting off topic. Back to before: Both of your responses (you know who you are) had good points, but calling people

"limies" or telling people that it wasn't for the all-god White Americans (oxymoron please!), "your black African friends would still be running around with leaves on their dicks and wooden spears in their hands" just doesn't cut it. Yes, I do listen to alternative music, and yes (sic) I do have homey friends too, and we get along great. When will you people wake up and smell yourselves? It's about time we realized we have bigger problems than quibbling about how our skin colour and musical tastes have to dictate the way we interact with others.

Sincerely,
Dan Moure

P.S. Thanx for including my 2c worth in your 'zine, it means a lot!

Dear Airhead,
I'm sick of reading about how people feel about M. Jules Killam's articles in the "Airhead" section of the *Discorder*.

I can't understand why such a lousy writer—writer that's so arrogant—is given a whole page, it's almost as much of a waste as "Junkflesh." If you're going to give a whole page to somebody make it worthwhile! As for the cartoons, I think Blaine Thurrier's "Everything's Ducky" is great. I also liked A.O. Chapman's article in the February issue, and he said a hell of a lot more in that one article than Killam's said in the last three issues. Let's see more of him, than some pompous asphed like M. Jules Killam.

Hugh G. Rection

Dear Airhead,
This is a rare occasion for me to be actually writing a letter, but I could only take so much of the M. Jules

Killam bashing. I know many people who only read *Discorder* to read "Abattoir." (Personally, I enjoy the whole *Discorder*) Mr. Killam's column pokes fun at social proprieties and forces his audience to look at the society in which they live. The people who take offense to his articles twist "Abattoir's" meanings so as to write "holier than thou" letters to you. I bet Lane Dunlop and the other complainers are patting themselves on the back thinking "My morals are better than yours" (Thank you, Lane and others for reminding me that our society has not grown enough to accept reality and/or differing opinions).

Please do not listen to these whiners and keep "Abattoir" in *Discorder*. It is one of your best columns.

Thanks for your time,
Purple

P.S. In "Abattoir" a few months ago, Mr. Killam was bemoaning the fact that his favorite Gastown pizza place closed down. What was the name of it? Pizza Delight?

It's always pleasing when I get a letter, besides the usual "Abattoir sucks" response, letting me know that the job I do isn't in vain. As you very well know, readers who are displeased with something they read are more apt to write and voice their disgruntlement far before readers who are pleased with what they read. And not until they're so fed up with listening to people gripe will those pleased readers reply. But your letter is too little, too late, as you'll witness the "Abattoir" column has been shelved due to a space problem here at *Discorder*; that being we don't have enough of it! Mr. Killam will be pleased to hear that you feel the "Abattoir" is one of *Discorder's* best columns and hopefully it will resurface in column format in the future. Stay tuned.

EDITOR'S SNIDE RETORT

Dear Airhead,
Here I am in that "World Class city" of Toronto read-

ing the February 1992 issue of your rag and have come across the blurb Shawn Bouchard wrote about the banning of the Barenaked Ladies performance on New Year's Eve at Nathan Phillips Square. You're absolutely right, the band should never have been banned because of their name. That's totally ridiculous, although nothing new for our socialist local government. The Barenaked Ladies should have been prohibited to play there simply because they're SHIT!

Get a life and give some press to bands that matter,

Nikki Finn
Toronto, Ontario

Airhead,

Once again I am forced to write re: the opinions of one bunch of neurotic, unlovable people at the mighty "R". Concerning Scooter (gee, isn't that the name of the same malodorous, flea-bitten, mixed-breed hound that lives in my neighborhood scrounging through bits of garbage late at night), your attempt at sarcasm in the redemption of the *Georgia Straight* article went over a lot of people's heads. Sarcasm usually falls short of cheap laughs when used within

erally apathetic city; people need prodding to see local acts), well I won't mention their name here. I'm not involved with them anyway. BUT, isn't it curious that a radio station and music rag with a mandate to play and support local, independent bands slaps off one and the same. I mean, the band in question isn't a rock darling of CFOX covers. I wonder if alternative music fans criticize each other too much for their taste. Not all of us are fans of a barrage of distorted guitar noise, badly mixed, hardly audible from the speakers of some grunge band playing the Arcadian Hall! And I laugh every time you slag off Coast 800/1040 for their playlist. Sorry, mighty "R," but YOU were playing a lot of the same songs back in 1979, 80, 81...etc. as an alternative to what was available then on radio. Don't deny your own history. Cue editor's witty, snide retort...

Yours truly,
Veggie Patty & Coco-Buns

You are correct in your statement that our mandate is to support local bands but is it therefore our mandate to support BAD local bands? I think not when there are so many other

those fucking irritatingly short and extremely shallow interviews you people insist on printing come to an end. That last interview with Mark Lanegan (*Screaming Trees*) was a perfect example. I got more news about what the trees are about from my drunken, spew-in-mouth ramblings with Lanegan and Van Conner after the show at The Dump. True, *Discorder* doesn't cost anything so maybe I shouldn't expect something for nothing. Oh yeah, how come that tit Jane Farrow didn't even print a word on the *Screaming Trees* in her review of the show? Fucking stupid.

Thanks,
Harvey Headbanger
Vancouver, BC

Considering *Discorder* costs nothing I guess that makes your opinion worth a lot less; in Jane Farrow's opinion it seems the *Screaming Trees* weren't worth writing about. I don't see the problem.

Dear Airhead,

Although the *Discorder* letters page has always seemed like a recurring forum for monthly bouts of ego stroking and "I'm right, you're wrong" dialogue, it certainly has been mastered as of the last issue (March '92).

I cannot describe the amusement I receive from the ongoing self-servitude practiced by the Dennis Bates/Mike Usinger figure and the manager of the Ludwigs (or is that just Ludwigs?). Because it was so repetitiously implied in Mr. Usinger's letter, I assume that since he is paid for his opinions, those opinions must be at the least, readable. This may explain why he wasn't paid for his letter to *Discorder*.

The M. Jules Killam debate has turned out to be far less infantile, yet, while Mr. Baker has made some sense of it, the obvious remains:

a) a man with high sex drive but nothing interesting to say writes a column for *Discorder* (nothing new here).

b) *Discorder* can print what they like regardless of the banality of content—ie. "So, would you classify yourselves as 'grunge'?"

c) if said contents offends your high standards just remember, you're not reading *The Nation*.

d) no matter how low-brow you consider his writing, someone else (Ms. Friesen for example) may have a different opinion upon the words of Mr. Killam.

STUPID DUMMY HEADS



AND ON THE FOURTH DAY OF CREATION (JUST AFTER LUNCH) GOD LOOKED OVER THE GULL PRESENTATIONS.

the context of an "in crowd," and it certainly led no credence to understanding your point. Pretextuous, condescending drive (d-r-i-v-e-l). WELL DONE!

Since you claim that the band in question might be milking some free publicity (a laugh in this gen-

good ones worthy of the much needed press—like the Barenaked Ladies.

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC

Dear Airhead,
I don't have time or energy to shit all over *Discorder* but, really, it's about time

That said, here's hoping that the Yuzak vs. Sean and the Gay vs. Coral conflicts reach epic ugliness by next issue.

Keeping my fingers crossed,
P. Hogue

WE ALL NEED HELP

Dear Airhead,
Help! Help! Help! Please print this!

Guess what? I need a musical education on New Age/Electronic/Instrumental music and I hope you or somebody who may read this letter, if you were to print it, can help me? You see, I had a musical revelation and in my visions, I realized the ultimate sound was that of New Age/Electronic/Instrumental music. When I say "New Age," I don't mean that musical excrement like Andreas Vollenweider, but what I mean is that classic stuff like old Tangerine Dream and Brian Eno's instrumental/ambient works...that's all I know, I'm only a new listener of this kind of music. What I need help in is what to buy and look for. Well, again, I need help in knowing what to look for, what names of artists/bands to buy, and what are the classics of the kind of music I'm looking for.

Perhaps there is someone in your magazine staff, or someone in your readers audience, who knows a lot about the music I need help in? Perhaps they could help me and make a nice list of their personal favorites? Of course, the larger the list, the better. Also, I am well aware that not all CDs can be bought in Canada, so it would be especially nice to know some mail ordering addresses that deal in the kind of music I'm looking for.

I have been listening to this form of sound for only one year and I want to be educated. EDUCATE ME PLEASE!!

I hope you can print this letter? Don't ignore me readers and staff at *Discounter*!

Thank you and may you be saved when the New World Order is ruled by the Antichrist.
Send to: Steven Storel
10580 Anglesa Drive
Richmond, BC
V7A 3B9

P.S. I'll reimburse the postal fee for any one that helps me.

DISCOUNTER

Dear Airhead,

Can you read as well as I write?

Master J. Dean
In Texas

No, but I think therefore I am.

Dear Airhead,

I'm sittin' here flippin' through your March issue and I'm reading the top 25 interview questions to ask G.G. Allin and although I would like to know the answers there's some others I'd like to know as well (having had the pleasure of seeing and smelling him in person):

-If you were an animal what would you be?

-Do you have a sister as good lookin' as you?

-Can I lick you?
Sincerely at times,
Excubus Manslaughter

P.S. Is Elvis Glen Danzig? Or is Glen Danzig Elvis? Just wondering.

As you can see you are not alone with your perverse attraction and curiosity bestowed to the man called G.G. Allin. These questions and many more have yet to be asked and answered as was witnessed by the superior wit of Geraldo when G.G. appeared on that provocative talk show during the 2nd week of March.

In regards to your Elvis/Danzig theory...Elvis never existed and was but a brilliant hoax by the man known as Malcolm McLaren, therefore Danzig is actually entombed in the King's coffin. So who is Danzig?

BANDWAG-ONESQUE

Dear Airhead,
Re: Coral and Redd's ill-fated review on Dog Eat Dog

Who died and made you the grand poopheads? Obviously...your genealogical-background-mishaps. What bus do you actually catch kids? I mean...there is nothing wrong with the Dog-Eat-Dog cassette. Maybe try listening to something different instead of Nirvana all the time and adjust the tape speed on your deck. Sounds like a political/personal vendetta. Do you snotty-nosed little pukes play in Lester's Wagon or do you just want to climb aboard and ride on someone else's? Fuck you. Drink a coffee—wake up.

Love Patti

Dear Airhead,

Re: Review of Deprogrammers' demo in March issue

I would like to thank you for reviewing my tape. All press is good press. At

the risk of being accused of jumping on the slagfest bandwagon I feel it necessary to comment on a few points though.

First of all, Deprogrammers are not, have not, and most likely will not ever be "punk rawk." Or even "punk rock" for that matter. The search for pigeon-holes is an irritation, at best, that I try to avoid. If, however, you insist on looking for a convenient box to stick my music in could you please look a little further than "punk rawk."

Secondly, there is a slight grammatical error I would like to point out. Am I picky or what? Oh

well, just one of my pet peeves I guess. Anyways, the sentence in question is, "It's heavy, lots of drum and intensity although I prefer them live; though less trippy drum machine type of deal." The "though" after the semicolon is unnecessary. Perhaps proofreading and proper grammar aren't cool things to get into when you're "punk rawk" and all.

The third, and last, point in my picky tirade is to address the question posed at the end of the review. I really don't see how that is pertinent to a reviewer of my music. It was probably just the "punk rawk" thing to do.



So there it is. My apologies if I come off sounding picky, uptight, or negative. I really do appreciate the column. We need all the forums

for local acts that we can get. It wouldn't hurt to be a little more thorough and professional though. Thank you very much.
Radha-Vinoda dasa



* Canadians only joke.

THE SECOND ANNUAL
LIPSTICK & LEATHER BALL

KOMET Records Recording Artists
THE OUTRAGEOUS

VALENTINOS

With VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
BUGHOUSE FIVE
(ex - Nervous Fellas)

And THE AMAZING
CHROME DOG

Plus PERFORMANCE ARTISTS
MARK "The Bird" RICHARDSON + BLAIRE DOBSAN

GOOD FRIDAY APRIL 17

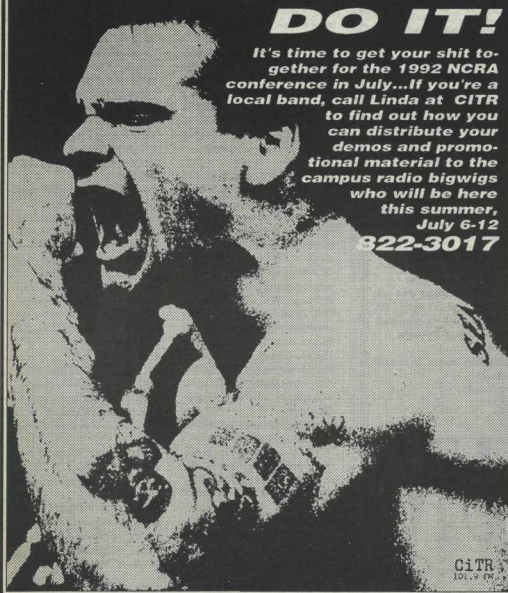
THE PENTHOUSE

1019 Seymour St. 683-2111



DO IT!

It's time to get your shit together for the 1992 NCRA conference in July...If you're a local band, call Linda at CINTR to find out how you can distribute your demos and promotional material to the campus radio bigwigs who will be here this summer, July 6-12
322-3017



CINTR
101.9 FM

A WELLY
WEDNESDAY
CLAMBAKE!

**KISS
-K-
Bang**

WITH
THE
X-WONGS

Maidi Hai & MOTHER WELL

APRIL 22

TOWN PUMP
66 Water St., Gastown 683-6695/681-2222





Minneapolis/St. Paul, Minnesota is one of those places that seem to overflow with musical talent. During the eighties bands like Pere Ubu, Hüsker Dü, The Replacements, and Soul Asylum virtually had the monopoly on those angst ridden punk anthems that used to put the straddle on the most discerning listener. Transforming a pretty normal example of the human species into an axe wielding, metal king reaching for that elusive note while grimacing with all the fury one can muster. While *Run Westy Run*'s records are noticeably different from the bands mentioned above they share the same urgency and honesty. They also lack pretension which is almost a requirement in Minnesota (save Prince and his entourage). *Run Westy Run* has three albums to date, two are available on SST records while the third is available on Twin Tone records. They came to Vancouver recently after touring parts of the coast with R!R!O!H!e. With no current record in the stores, and minimal promotion, *Run Westy Run* played to a strange but good sized crowd at the Cruel Elephant. I spoke to Kirk, Kraig, Terrance, John and Daniel of the band before the gig.

Disorder: How is life in Minneapolis these days?

RWR: Great. Same as it ever was. The city is trying to close down the biggest rock club but they have been trying that for years.

What is it about Minneapolis that spawns so many bands?

RWR: The water. There are still a lot of good bands from Minneapolis like Babes in Toyland.

Do you guys know Prince and does he really have a purple home?

RWR: We can't really recall that information. I mean he entrusted us with that information. He likes to come down and stage dive and slam and shit at some of our shows.

It gives him some ideas for his new stuff eh?

RWR: Exactly.

What is the current situation with Twin Tone records?

RWR: It's still there but Rough Trade went belly up right after we put out our record on their label (*The Green Cal Island* record). We were in the middle of the first pressing, on tour and all of a sudden Rough Trade dies and Twin Tone got really hurt. They sold all the pressings and had no money to press up any more so it kinda hurt us. It happened at a time when they should have really been pushing it but they didn't have any money and all the records were out. I was quite surprised because I often see a decent band, like yourselves, who have a record produced by a big name like Peter Buck and given the right promotion of the band, in conjunction with this producer, some good things can happen. I really liked *The Green Cal Island* record but I couldn't help notice that it sort of fell into oblivion.

RWR: I think that was a big part of it. The fact that there was no record, for something like six or seven months. We did get really good press on it but if people can't find it.

So where does that leave you guys now in terms of a label?

RWR: We are searching. We were opted out of the contract. We are working

on a demo right now in hopes that someone is willing to put it out. You guys must have lots of stuff on backlog that you want to get down?

RWR: Last year was kind of a weird summer because Kyle (former bass player) decided he just didn't want to be in a band any more. We didn't really know if we wanted to quit or not so we took a couple of months off and decided we didn't want to, and went up to New York to get John. We then found out about this tour with R!R!O!H!e, so we had to teach John all the old stuff.

Are you guys more comfortable in the studio or when playing live?

RWR: Live.

Is the studio a bit of a drag because it can be a slow process.

RWR: Well, I know I get really bored.

So what plans do the band have for the next little while?

RWR: Do this demo, get it sounding good, and then start working on a record. Sean Slade is going to produce with another guy who has done alot of bands from Boston. They have worked with Buffalo Tom. So we are going out to New York to tour, and mix an EP.

We also might be going over to England to play with the guys from Swervedriver. Apparently they want us to go over and play some gigs with them. We played with them in Toronto; they had just lost their bass player and drummer so John and I (Daniel) flew up to meet them, rehearsed in the afternoon and played that night. It was really fun, people really got into it.

I wanted to ask you guys a bit about your songwriting. Some of your songs have great melodies and others are sort of grinding on riffs.

RWR: We all just bring in ideas and major blocks of stuff and bounce them off each other.

To Kirk: How do you go about writing lyrics? What leaves an impression on you, what inspires you to write?

Kirk: Sometimes I just make them up. John: Your mom helps you write them sometimes.

Is it essential to hear the music first?

RWR: No, sometimes I have them written down and I just wait for the right one to come around. I've got one that I've been waiting for but I don't hear it in my head.

Terrance: He got tired of waiting

for so he mailed it off to Mike Watt.

Kirk: He's already got a song for it.

Is he going to sing it or are you?
Kirk: He sings it to Ed and then Ed picks up on it and goes with it. They already have a song!

RWR: We might make a single of it. You know, their version and our version but they can't send us their version until we have got ours done because we could get influenced by it.

RWR: They have really helped us out, taking us to towns we wouldn't normally get to. Or if we did 10 people would show, so it has been good. They have taken us on a couple tours trying to give us a push.

So have you noticed some of that stuff helping you?

RWR: Not alot of people know about us so we have been lucky that friends of ours in bands have helped us get a bit of a base going. We have a good booking agent too.

Why was there this concious decision to not headline for a while.

RWR: Probably because we wanted to play to some people (laugh). When *Green Cal Island* came out we toured the East Coast and it was alright but when we started heading into the deep south it started to get real hard on our morale.

Even on a major label it is the same. Swervedriver were selling out all over the east coast and they said that in the south it was hurting.

So what sells in the south?
RWR: R!R!O!H!e and Lynard Skynyrd.

What is your best gig ever?..in the world?

RWR: There have been alot of good ones. Tampa, in a dome, it was a nightmare. It was at the University of South Florida in Tampa. They moved the gig from a bar that was just fine into this small arena. Our sound man and light man were like three decks up, like two blocks away. Over one hundred people came to see us but it was just... One big echo.

John: One question for you. I've been hearing alot about Vancouver and this Nordway guy.

Nordway: Is the guy that got healed by Ernest Angley. He writes for *Disorder*, sets up gigs, he does all kinds of things.

Thanks very much guys and good luck.

RWR: Thanks.



Born of beer, barenakedness and burritos, in San Francisco about two years ago,

This Is Our Daughter are an alternative, hard rock combo consisting of four experienced musicians. Their style has been compared to the likes of Concrete Blonde and Jane's Addiction. Their determination has sent them up and down the west coast several times. Overall a mighty fine chat with singer Danny Benatar, guitarist Chris, drummer Randy Gebbs and bass player Whitey T. Cox. Keep yer eyes peeled.

Disorder: Let's start out with a boring question about how the band got formed.

D: About our past? No, we don't wanna talk about our past, we might incriminate ourselves. W: Police are looking for us, we still have to get across the border.

D: I'd say the band is about two years old. It's kind of a conglomeration of other bands. We've all been in other bands, signed and stuff, and we just got this band together; it was a nucleus.

W: We've all been botched by record companies.

R: Many times, many times...

D: We went over a lot. We're all from San Francisco, we've all known each other for awhile.

The music scene there is pretty small, every other band knows every other band. So we just got together and formed This Is Our Daughter.

Are you popular in the Seattle and Portland scenes?

D: Yeah, we're starting to become popular because we're doing a lot of touring up the west coast; back and forth, establishing a basis.

How did your demo do?

D: The demo did quite well. We did a couple of them, we're shopping the new one right now.

What about the cover? I know when I first saw it I was young and easily offended...

R: Now you're old and easily offended!

No, when I first saw it I thought, "O my goodness..."

D: "They're sexist."

But it isn't. One of you explained to me that it was showing the girl getting exactly what she wants.

D: Well, basically what you have is a naked girl with money on her, and this guy; it's pretty indicative of the business don't you think?

But did you get any negative reactions from that? Were people refusing to play it because of the cover?

D: No...

C: Actually we have a hard time keeping our T-shirts in stock. They keep getting stolen 'cuz it's got the picture on it.

D: People like it, they think it's taboo.

So this is the new guy, (pointing to Chris)...

C: I'm Chris, I've been with them for about 2 or 3 months. Glenn fell abruptly and the band had a show in Santa Cruz opening for a pretty big band, at a pretty big venue, and they needed someone right away. So they handed me a tape and I just walked on stage and we pulled it off.

Congratulations.

D: That's what we said.

C: That's how easy it is kids. W: Then we got him laid so he decided to stick around.

D: Yeah, that was the real topping.

C: A fantastic sexual experience.

Have you toured the east coast?

D: Not with this band, we've just done the west coast.

R: We've played all over the world with various different bands.

RUN WESTY RUN

by Steve Wells

THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER

by Emma Lauder

And has being in a lot of bands helped you learn what you want with this band?

W: It lets us be more angry and a little more wise about making the same mistakes.

R: You learn what you don't want to.

W: You still end up having to go through them no matter how hard you try to avoid them. You still gotta deal with the same shit, but at least you don't let it bother you as much.

D: It's important with a group like this just to keep on touring and play clubs.

W: For me I like playing live more than recording or any other aspect of the business. As long as we're on stage I'm happy.

Would you describe your band as really fun or more politically aware lyrically etc.?

R: Neither. D: You think this is fun? Politics are for the politicians, we're not really political. We're very socially conscious but not within our music.

My puppy really liked the tape, she chewed on it.

D: There yeah go, we actually try to influence animals.

R: We need some farm animals on the cover.

D: Especially since we don't have any women that we can pick up. Small towns y'know, animals will do.

So Glenn told me you're Pat Benatar's brother?

D: No, no relation at all. You think I'd be sitting here if that was true, I'd be rich!

I've been tied to!

W: You're lucky he didn't steal from you!

He also told me, but I didn't believe this, that Randy was the former drummer for Jane's Addiction.

D: That's true.

Well, sure and you guys stole a local band's show?

C: Well they weren't able to play after they got beat up.

D: See, that's our thing, we try to beat up the headlining act.

W: It's our gimmick. Does it work?

W: So far.

D: But they've all been girls that usually headline so that's the people we beat up.

W: That or English bands which are about the same thing.

D: Otherwise we're doing really good, we're getting some interest with some small labels.

Is that a big deal for you to get a label?

D: I think the big deal is to get some interest from a lot of record companies so we can pick and choose.

Is that your ultimate goal, or are you happy enough just touring and making music?

D: Well the ultimate goal would be to get the deal and do the music at the same time; go into the studio, cut a good album and stay on the road.

C: And initiate a bidding war. Have you been close to that before, with other bands?

D: We've all been in bands that have been signed and on labels.

C: I did a tour with an English band called the Mission U.K. I was supposed to play Vancouver with them but they had to cancel 'cuz of border hassles, so I've finally made it back to Vancouver.

Did you guys have problems crossing the border?

C: Extremely. They tried to entrap us on some cocaine rap.

C: They found some battery acid on a floorboard, asking us what the hell it was.

Does that discourage you from coming up here?

D: No, we like playing up here in Vancouver.

R: Vancouver's a great city. W: Good beer. Good strip joints.

"Les enfants veulent du tonnerre Pour faire résonner la terre"

Walk through Zurich's financial district to the park behind the National Museum of Switzerland, and you are suddenly at a scene of human carnage. Platzspitz Park is littered with hundreds of people thrusting needles into their arms and necks. Blood falls to the grass. Bodies overload the park's benches, heads dangle at impossible angles, eyes roll back. Drug-filled syringes stick from scarred flesh. The field of bodies has the appearance of a war zone, rather than the approved drug program of the Zurich City Council it actually is!

Nearing five years since its inception "the world's foremost free needle experiment"—implemented in a globally criticized and ridiculed effort to quarantine and stifle the city's increasing percentage of addicts testing HIV positive—has been terminated.

In the same week that Platzspitz Park is boarded up and a regiment of drug dependents turned back to the streets of Zurich and the rural communities they abandoned for the freer access to drugs that Zurich promised, Switzerland's Young Gods, suppliers of sinister sample-laden punk, release their fourth LP TV Sky.

Young Gods' vocalist Franz Treichler is quick to rule out any coincidence between these two events.

"I'm glad you talk about this in a way, because this is also one of the sides of Switzerland that is not all coss-coss and chalets. It's pretty wild. It's like a horror movie. I think Switzerland is some kind of clinical country and in a way, a very no-future country. I think there's a strange kind of cloud over here."

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE TV Sky?

Treichler: The LP is the result of our need to hear something more rock'y, more straight, more direct, after having shown all our European influences with L'Eau Rouge and the Kurt Weill LP. For TV Sky we just wanted to have a more straight line. Everything is done with guitars, bits of guitars reversed and sped up, rather than samples.

HOW ARE THE YOUNG GODS A PRODUCT OF THEIR ENVIRONMENT?

I think in a purely practical point of view Switzerland helped us to develop the Young Gods and to keep on doing it. Here, you've got a lot to do by yourself because there isn't any infrastructure. There are two, maybe three, labels, and no majors are going to be interested. I think we carried on. We believed in what we wanted to do, and that helped us a lot. That was a good side of being a Swiss band.

CARE TO DISCUSS YOUR WORK AS A PRODUCER...YOUR WORK WITH TREPONEM PAL AND ALCOMET'S (YOUNG GODS' SAMPLER) EUROP PIRAT TOUR RELEASE?

I think I can trigger people. I'm pretty good at making them feel secure and understanding their ideas because of some of what I've learned in the studios with the Young Gods. It's also very interesting for me to be on the other side of the desk because I learn how to work in the sound engineer language which you have to when you evolve in the

studio. Treponem Pal in their style, are a very creative band. All's solo project is something which I respect completely. I like the attitude: they go with one car, playing in bars and pubs, playing for drinks, doing two or three little shows of twenty minutes in one evening, and then they drive to the next town. I think this is a bit keeping in the tradition of "troubadours," we say in French, which is great.

HOW DID THE KURT WEILL COLLECTION COME ABOUT?

It was a live project first and then, when we toured for L'Eau Rouge we included some Kurt Weill songs in our repertoire: "Seasider Jenny," "Salmon Song," "Speaklow," "Mackie Messer." We wanted to record a live gig including these songs but the whole thing came out really bad. We played bad! Technically it was bad. Everything was bad. (Laughs) So bad we went back to the studio and recorded them live.

VOIVOD ARE THANKED ON THAT RELEASE.

When we played Montreal for the first time they played for us in the rehearsal room and we made friends with them and spent some time together. The second time we played Montreal, we had problems with one of our samplers and Blackie, the bass player, showed up with his sampler just before the show. All the shops were closed, but they helped us out.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVIDE FOR YOUR LISTENERS?

We try to make some kind of sea of sound, something you can swim into. Energy basically, but positive energy. We like seeing people getting out of a gig with a lot of creative energy...like a shower of sound that gets you rid of all the little things you mix up in your brain sometimes.

HAVE THE YOUNG GODS EVER BEEN ACCUSED OF BEING CONNECTED TO FASCIST ELEMENTS?

No, never. We were sometimes quoted as being very Wagnerian, very masochistic, or even Nietzschean, but I guess it's more due to the name of the band...the massive sound. There was one song which was a bit of a controversy—"Les Enfants"—because of the drumming and the massive classical samples.

IS IT DIFFICULT TO TOUR CONSIDERING YOUR ANNUAL OBLIGATION TO THE SWISS ARMY?

Normally you've got to spend four months the first time and then three weeks every year. I didn't spend more then one morning. I don't know why they didn't want to keep me. (Laughs) I made a massive impression on them that I didn't want to do it and I never wanted to do it...and they understand.

The Young Gods are currently in Scotland, performing the first series of dates of an eight month world tour that will bring them to Vancouver in early June.

FOOTNOTES
1 & 2 Lenny Shavelson
"Sunday in the Park"
in Mother Jones, February/
March 1990.

YOUNG GODS

by Lloyd Uliana



Just the other night I was witness to a great pop-think-in-over at the Cruel Elephant. The date was Saturday, February 15 and the bands were Bum, Mr. Wrong, The Show Business Giants, and The Sweeters. Coincidence or not, all these bands are from, or have at least originated from an always vibrant rock city, Victoria BC. Fascinated by this water-locked scene, I talked to Tom Holliston of The Show Business Giants after their fantastic show:

Discorder: Ok Tom, Show Business Giants, where and what?

Where? On an island, called the Garden City. The entire island is the Garden City. There's no bridge to it so don't try to get to that way. ... um... what? Five people and we like rock and roll. So basically you could be called the "Garden City Rockers"?

Yes, Grant.

Tell me about your keyboardist, her name is... Sue?

No, it's Jenny, spelt with a y-e instead of e-y.

That's kind of nutty, is that like a "punk" thing she developed when she was like 15, writing it over and over on her binder?

Actually, she used to be a professional model and decided she needed a twist to her moniker. And you're dating her, is that right?

No, I'm not. No. Hmmm...that's funny. Didn't you tell me awhile ago that you were?

No! I never said I was, although I may have hinted it with the subtle raise of an eyebrow. Um...while you were playing, behind that drum cage I noticed someone I had seen before. Was he in another band? Yes, he still is. He's in NoMeansNo. They're kind of dominant at the time.

And do you live with him?

No, I don't, but I go over to his house for countless every day.

And his name is Bill?

No...he does have a lot of them, but his name is John Wright. I heard a rumor that NoMeansNo have broken up.

No, they have not. So what's the story?

The status of NoMeansNo is something I really don't think I should talk about because they haven't really figured it out them-

selves. But they are not broken up. Tom, what's wrong with Vancouver?

Oh, I don't think there is anything wrong with it, I don't live here.

Why do you only play the Cruel Elephant?

Nobody wants to book us anywhere else. We've had a lot of trouble getting shows in Vancouver. I think we're playing the Railway Club in March. We also tried to get a show in Whistler, but we never got a return call. We're still working on that with a gentleman by the name of Frank Weipont who seems like quite an immovable [sic] type of person. He also seems like he has a lot of meat on his plate and doesn't know where to start cutting.

What releases can Vancouverites buy from the Show Business Giants?

A couple of tapes that are sold out, and a couple of singles. The first single was called "Blobs Volume 1," on Way Out Records. It's a Victoria label run by a guy named Rick Andrews who runs Fun House Records Store. It was a compilation with ourselves, Showhead, and the Hansen Bros.

What kind of music do the Hansen Bros. play?

They play punk rock. Anything else?

We're on "Blobs Vol. 2," as well, with the Squealies. Then we were going to put out a CD but then I talked to a personality in Vancouver who attempted to dissuade us from putting out a CD, to put out another single instead. So what we decided to do is put out a CD and put out a single afterwards.

Why afterwards? Aren't they supposed to come up before?

We just don't have the means to put out both at the same time. I don't understand! Why are you putting out a CD?

It's quite cheap for us to do, we can have a friend master it for \$150 as opposed to the other places that cost \$500 or \$600. And we can save that money and put it towards a single.

And you don't like vinyl.

No, I like vinyl! I've got nothing against vinyl, I've got nothing against CDs, I've got nothing against either, it's just music.

Good point. Nobody has ever said that. I'm always duelling with people on the CD versus vinyl thing and no one has ever said "I just music."

Also, I'm the kinda guy who likes to rock out. That's why CDs are better parties. Records just get stepped on or have been poured on them. But one thing I hate is CDs with, like, 70 minutes of music on them, it's just too much. It should be 35 or 40 minutes at the most. We're gonna put out a 45 minute CD, at the most.

What label is it gonna be on? This will be on Way Out Records too.

Are you employed?

Yes, I'm a musician.

No, no, are you employed?

Yes, I consider being a musician employment.

It's a very hard life if you're a musician. The scary thing about being a musician, especially an independent one, when you're not like Nirvana or Hammer, the scary thing is every day you age. And one day you're gonna be too old for the kids to accept. Time and age are probably two of the most frightening things in this world, besides fat, masonic republicans. That's what I worry about. I mean, sure, we can go on and keep playing bars until we're ripe, or stale and what do we do after that?

Reap in the benefits of your success.

What if the benefits of your success amount to about \$20.00?

That would be a big plus right now.

But what do you do when the grains of the hour glass run out?

The way I see it is if I went to university and got a Masters degree in, like, Marine Biology, I'd be unemployed anyway, so what's the difference?

You mean you wouldn't be at Sea World helping little baby whales die?

I've thought about it and thought about it and have realized that the most important thing in your life is to do what you want to do regardless.

That's great. Thanks for talking to me, Tom. I wish the Show Business Giants every success in the world.

Thank you, Grant.

STRAIGHT OUTTA BREMERTON comes the tremor shaking the foundations of the Northwest region right now and that tremor has a name; The Daves. Formed in December of '89 half of the band, namely singer Bob and guitarist Aaron, met while on a ferry from Bremerton (a satellite of Seattle) to Seattle. The meeting was chance and was actually a forum for Aaron to ask if his already established **i s h a d b a n d** — which Bob would later join—could play a party at Bob's beach house. Legend has it that his house "happened to be a place where we were throwing a lot of big parties and there was a time when we did have bands play," includes Bob. Humble beginnings, but one not uncommon to any band trying to get a seat on the musical chair of success.

Since that merge of talent in 1989 the Daves have migrated to The Home of the 1962 World's Fair (Seattle, for all of you non-almanac readers) and actually live together as a band. The migration to Seattle was an obvious and unavoidable choice so the band could be part of the major music circuit the town has to offer. "You can't expect to get anywhere out of catching ferries for shows," adds Bob; an intolerance, definitely a hindrance. But one might think the members living, breathing, and playing together to be somewhat of a pain in the ass as well: "Sometimes things enter into the band situation that shouldn't, personality conflicts and what not," but that's life, explains Aaron.

So, despite the internal band problems, which are shared by bands universally, The Daves have generated quite the large amount of hype, on both sides of our friendly border, on the strength of their adrenalized-emulating live performance and their SOLD OUT independent demo release. With the scene of the Northwest being as active as it is, and Seattle being a virtual melting-pot for new talent, one has to wonder just how easy, or difficult, it is to be heard and recognized. "Around here it's more like who you're friends with," Aaron explains. "And you don't even have to be that good as long as you know the right people," Bob elaborates. "But we've been pretty successful as far as getting the name around," continues Aaron. "It's a low budget scene. There's a couple of places where we can play that are dumps and dives, and there's the problem with every-

thing being really cheap, but with that that cheap scene is the crowd of people that we're trying to access ourselves to. When we can get it it's good but along with the cheap shows come cancellations, or the party we're supposed to play at had the cops show up just as we're loading



our stuff in."

But with the trough of every wave is a crest and those waves have reached tsunami proportion as of late with successful gigs at Seattle's Off Ramp and OK Hotel, and a Northwestern blitz with JFA—including The Daves' phenomenal debut at the Cruel Elephant's new location grand opening. Not only did The Daves surprise the hell out of all in attendance with their aggressively primitive-core but they also staked their first claim in The Land of Clam Chowder and Ice.

"It's [Canada] not America; it's almost a European thing," explains Bob on the reaction the band received in Canada. "America is used to the Sub Pop, long-hair rock-er thing. It's just turned into a but rock festival in Seattle. And I think we need to play that Cruel Elephant again 'cuz they owe us some money. They stiffed us for \$90 bucks so they owe us a show and \$90 bucks!"

After seeing The Daves live it comes as no surprise as to why the band is so popular with the growing budget side of core they prescribe themselves to. With a scene that window-dresses even the grunge side of rock for commercial appeal, The Daves steer away from the proven rock formula and nestle comfortably outside the musical infrastructure.

However, they do go back to their house party roots every once in a while, if not for an ego boost, for a couple cases of beer. "For a while house parties were all we were willing to do," explains Bob, "because we still had to work out some of the kinks and we thought that was the only place we could get away with our fuck-ups. It took us about 6 months to play a real show because we wanted to make sure that the impression they were giving when they saw us was that we kick fucking ass!"

"Just think, 3 months...a year down the road those people are gonna go 'Goddam, who was that band that came and destroyed our house?'" They won't know but everybody else that came and spit on their walls will. Aaron emphatically states. So if you've been wondering why you should support your fave China has fallen from its precarious perch in the hutch it's probably because The Daves have played at playing a house party in your neighborhood.

As I mentioned earlier The Daves' latest demo release has sold out all of its first pressing which isn't surprising. Bob (vocals), Aaron (guitar), Shawn (drums), and Bobby (bass) are probably the most intrinsic band to come out of the Northwest with a sound similar to the pioneers from the So Cal coast. The 4 track, 9 song demo, recorded "in a living room in Bremerton" by their friend Tom, captures the Daves' live angst and packs the political weight of the Dead Kennedys in a Rollins-type delivery. Prodded along by Bob's rambunctious charisma, Aaron, Shawn and Bobby drive the funk-inspired, "green means sealed" tight beast known as politics. "The main thing that we're trying to say is think for yourself; be an individual. I don't think anyone is even saying that in a lot of the other music around, they're complaining. And I admit I complain a lot in some of our songs but I do tend to feel like I have a message to give out to people."

Within the next couple of months The Daves are supposed to be doing an album with a person affiliated with the Fastbacks and 10:07, so keep your ears to the ground. But before I let you go with The Daves name emblazoned on your cerebral cortex take heed from this inspiring anecdote.

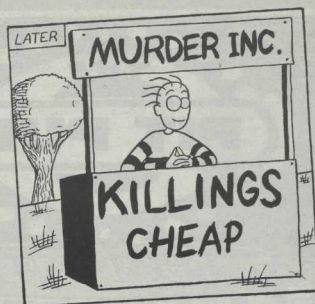
Depending on who you talk to, it seems fellow Seattleites, Seaweed, have taken the liberty of using a logo too similar to that of The Daves'. A debate could probably go on forever regarding who was swiping their name in the oval-like shape first but let us not forget that Seaweed has the powerful marketing team of Sub Pop behind them. This could mean one of two things: either Seaweed will forever be known as The Band That Stole The Logo From The Daves or record label cars will open up and realize why established bands are stealing the most minute of ideas from:

The Daves
2117 3rd Ave. W.
Seattle, WA
98119

Paul t. brooks

SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS

by Grant Lawrence



THE
PIT PUB

ALTERNATIVE

MONDAYS

FUNKY

TUESDAYS

COOL

THURSDAYS

JUGS \$9.99



AirWair

THE ORIGINAL  DR. MARTENS

LADIES' AND MEN'S FOOTWEAR

DIRECT FROM ENGLAND
with BOUNCING SOLES for EXTRA COMFORT

available at
the Dr. Martens Stores
1208 Robson Street phone 689-4998
Metrotown Shopping Centre phone 431-7993

Aritzia
1068 Robson Street phone 684-3251
Oakridge Shopping Centre phone 261-2202
Metrotown Shopping Centre phone 435-7975
Park Royal Shopping Centre phone 926-7666

Hill's Of Kerrisdale
2125 West 41st Avenue phone 266-9177

THEY DANCE. AND TOUCH. AND PURR.



CITR MOBILE SOUND • 822-3017

LEAVING TRAINS BY SCOOTER

About ten years ago The Leaving Trains left the station of inactivity for aberrancy. As they churned into the smoggy sunset, still sitting on the platform was their luggage; their worldly possessions. They stood with their noses pressed to the glass as the distance between them and normalcy grew larger with every belch of the engine's coal starved gullet. All this could have been easily corrected with a quick pull on the engineer's cord, summoning the mighty iron beast to a shrieking halt but the world contains many surprises. So off they went: Mo-ron Donovan, Whitey Sims, Falling James, Lenny Montoya, and Patrick McGrogynot-begger, with nothing but the clothes on their backs—and rarely even that!

"We like to get naked, people can't accept it," says Whitey Sims who used to be the bass player for the band, but traded it off for singing with bare-bottomed replacement Patrick McGrogynotbagger taking the position of bass-head. "When we played in Seattle we got to play 15 minutes before they turned us off; they freaked out. Right before we played our roadie ped in a 40 oz. of beer and a bum walking a dog drank the whole thing, which was 3/4 of the way full. I thought it was a sign that it was going to be a really good show and although the show only lasted 15 minutes, it was a good show."

"And we still got paid our 400 dollars," adds Patrick.

In the humble ten year existence of the band, which for the majority, has seen them co-habitate with indie heavyweights SST—after a billed beginning with the now-folded Enigma label—the Leaving Trains have contributed 5 LP's, an EP and four(?) efforts to their always increasing discography. Their latest donation to the masses is titled *The Lump In My Forehead* and is indicative of the mutant blues/punk style that has been forged in the pot-bellied stove of the beast. "It deals with very depressing subject matter and very funny subject matter," says Whitey. "We've been on the road for so long that we've seen so many depressing things and so many funny things, it's no wonder James popped a tire in his head. [But that's a story in itself] It's been unbelievable as far as how the country is going and things around the world...Europe wasn't so bad, they're way more tolerant."

This may help in explaining why the people of Europe don't seem to mind that a drunk in Los Angeles band, with a demi-transvestite for a guitarist, with a tendency—actually, more of an instinct—to perform naked are allowed to freely roam the country. But every country does have its share of problems with border crossings and Europe is not exempt from this. On the cover of the Leaving Trains' last 7" ("Rock in 'Roll Murder") single is the headline "Sicko Border Patrol Strip Searches U.S. Band



And Forces Them To Perform Naked," that band was Leaving Trains and the border was between Germany and Austria.

"Yeah, they like to do that stuff so my idea was to just ride around the borders completely naked so we could have just jumped out of the car," Whitey solvly states. Eliminate the middle man, so to speak. "They aren't looking for any drugs, they're just sick perverts who want you to take your clothes off."

But the members of Leaving Trains are no strangers to the proverbial birthday suit. Although some other bands are finding new-found fame in performing naked, or gearing down while the performance ensues—namely the Dwarves, Cramps, Tribe 8, and Perry Farrell (who is but a pup with his nude performance at a show in Hawaii some time ago)—Leaving Trains may have started this whole revolution; they toured Europe and the entire United States twice, before anybody had even heard of the Dwarves or Jane's Addiction.

A point is made of gearing down and going butt-naked at every show, something Patrick calls "primal." "This accounts for the staggering figure of over 10,000 people having seen Whitey's penis. Sure, that number pales in comparison to somebody like John Holmes (dead) or Traci Lords (slut) but they were stars of cellulose. Whitey's admirers are in the flesh! But again the comparison to porn-stars of yesterday can be made because while what the Leaving Trains do is so different from blatant genital exploitation, they still receive the Tipper Gore-ish reaction from many. "People are either enjoying it or they're so fucking repulsed that they're never gonna forget us. They'll probably go home and shoot themselves," Patrick explains with pride. "Everybody shovers naked or hangs out naked in their house but they get so upset when they see it in person, I can't understand it," Whitey head-scratchingly states.

However, some fans are more receptive to the Leaving Trains' performance as is proven by an interesting Falling James anecdote in-

volving Lydia Lunch. When the Trains were on tour last summer James, whom by the way is "totally in love with Lydia Lunch," was lucky enough to find out that their tour would be taking them to New Orleans; the city that Lydia likes to call home. Coincidentally, Whitey Sims is originally from New Orleans and still has a lot of friends there, with connections mind you, so it wasn't difficult to get Ms. Lunch's phone number. Now you have to understand that James, who was married to now Nirvana mattress Courtney Love [hol—in both respects of the word], is in total love/lust with Lydia and sends her a constant stream of letters. So meeting her would rank as a fantasy.

To make a long story short, "he comes to the show, James pulls his dress up between his teeth, pulls his dick out and starts whacking his meat. He's looking at the audience and saying, 'I could get off on you and I can't even tell if you're a boy or a girl,' and people are getting pissed off and leaving. James actually came on stage while I was whipping his ass with a microphone cord," says Whitey. "Then he wanted people to smell his hands. Lydia came up...smells his hands and then took him out to get pancakes for breakfast in the morning." Masturbating for Lydia Lunch got the Trains a song, "Transposing Heat," for the new album, imagine what it could do for you.

But life on the mills for the Leaving Trains isn't all sex, booze/drugs and pancakes. When the Trains were in Seattle last, Falling James got shot. It wasn't life threatening, it was only a shot in the leg, but it was right near his manhood. Coming from a predominantly white suburb of L.A., Palisades Park, he's fascinated by black people. However, a neighborhood in Seattle where crack deals are going down outside the front door isn't the best place for a drunken, babbling, dress-wearing exhibitionist to try and strike up a conversation with the local folk about their heritage.

"So, on top of the bum drinking the pee, the club kicking us out after 15 minutes, being beat up in Santa Rosa, San Jose, and Santa Cruz, this is nothing," shrugs Whitey. "We're gonna quit gettin beat up and go to Seattle and beat the shit out of Nirvana. Then we could make up t-shirts that say 'I Beat Up Kurt.' So, we're on a mission."

After this interview turned into a gossip-fest as we swapped tales like old war veterans; or grandmas playing Bridge (stereotype?). I was astonished to learn that Eric from NoFX had fucked Jennifer Finch, from L7, in the butt none-theless, and that she's owed Patrick \$50 for well over a year. "She's gotta tighten those spokes," declares Patrick. The band was as equally impressed with my tale of the old roadie from The Best Kissers in the World getting kicked off the Smashing Pumpkin/Pearl Jam/Red Hot Chili Pepper tour after fucking D'arcy from the Pumpkin: "What's his name? Where is he, can we meet him?" asked the band enthusiastically. Well, we could have talked long into the night but the band had to change James' dressing and track down the Nirvomit boys after they dug up Jimi Hendrix's guitar from his, supposed, burial sight in Tacoma.

The Leaving Trains might seem like one of those bands that are bent for destruction (or spontaneous combustion) but don't forget that they've been doing this for 10 years already. And when in doubt, remember The Little Engine That Could. Choo, choo.

Flowers, sympathy cards, and "I Beat Up Kurt!" t-shirts can be sent to:

Leaving Trains
c/o SST Records
P.O. Box 1
Lawndale, CA
90260



APRIL speedy otuber'

RHYTHMIC UNDERGROUND
ONLY 30 MINUTES SOUTH OF B. C.

FRIDAY APRIL 3
UNIQUE JAZZ/ROCK FUSION
JAMBAY
W/RAPSCALLION

SATURDAY APRIL 4
HORN-FUELED ROCK'N ROLL
CRAWDADDIES

FRIDAY APRIL 10
ROCKIN' REGGAE AND SOUL
HEY THAT'S MY BIKE

SATURDAY APRIL 11
FOULN' ROLL FROM SAN FRAN.
THE SARNOS
W/ NOWHERE GARDEN

SUNDAY APRIL 12
IT CAME FROM THE GARAGE
JERK WATERS

WEDNESDAY APRIL 15
DEADHEAD APPROVED
ALLIGATOR WINE

FRIDAY APRIL 17
ISLAND RECORDS
REGGAE LEGEND

**EEK
-A-
MOUSE**
ADV TIX ON SALE NOW

SATURDAY APRIL 18
BLOCK ROCKIN' FUNK MADNESS
SAD HAPPY

WEDNESDAY APRIL 22
DEADHEAD APPROVED
RENEGADE SAINTS

FRIDAY APRIL 24
SOCA - REGGAE - SKA
JUMBALASSY

SATURDAY APRIL 25
HORN-FUELED ROCK'N' ROLL
THE DADDIES

SUNDAY APRIL 26
ALL GIRL PUNK FROM MINNESOTA
**PSEUDONYM/HIS
W/ PLUM LELLIE**

ACID TUESDAY
ALTERNATIVE HOUSE DISCO

WEDS DEAD NIGHT
LIVE & CANNED DEADHEAD FUN

BIG BASS THURS
HOSTED BY DJ BOY WONDER

OPEN AT 8PM
SUN, TUES & WEDS
HALF-PRICE HAPPY HOUR
8PM - 9PM

W/ \$1.60 OZ JUGS

OPEN AT 6PM
THURS, FRI & SAT
HALF-PRICE HAPPY HOUR
6PM - 9PM

W/ \$1.60 OZ JUGS

CIGARETTES \$2.50
FOOD-POOL-DARTS

1305 11TH STREET
BELLINGHAM, WASH
EXIT 250, I-5 SOUTH
[206] 734-1539

DOUBLE C.D. RELEASE SHOW

SCRATCH RECORDING STARS:

NIMROD

ニ ム ロ ッ ド

FEATURING SPECIAL GUEST:

MAYUKO HINO

JAPANESE S+M PORN QUEEN

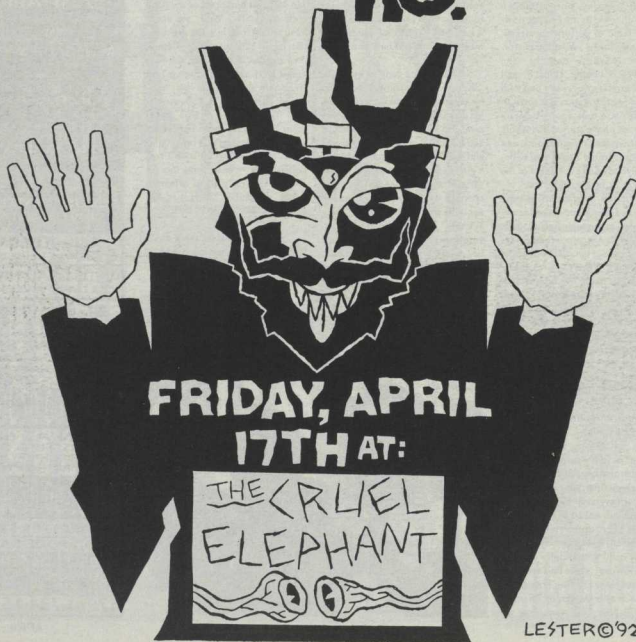
AND

BONER/SCRATCH RECORDING WONDERS:

SUPER CONDUCTOR

WITH GUESTS:

HO.



FRIDAY, APRIL

17TH AT:

THE CRUEL
ELEPHANT

LESTER ©'92

SUPER CONDUCTOR

C.D. E.P. AND 7"
"HEAVY WITH PUPPY"
ON BONER RECORDS

NIMROD

ニ ム ロ ッ ド
SCRATCH C.D. RELEASE
"GRANDSON OF HAM"

RELEASES AVAILABLE
AT: SCRATCH, TRACK,
AND ZULU RECORDS

COMING SOON:

SUN CITY GIRLS

"NAPOLEON AND
JOSEPHINE" 7" E.P.
WITH BONUS KOMIX

STILL AVAILABLE:

LUNG

"PSYCHOPORNADOLIA"
7" E.P.

SUPER CONDUCTOR

"MOST POPULAR MAN
IN THE WORLD"
7" SINGLE

ALSO A FINE INDIE ROCK STORE
GODDAMIT!

SCRATCH

311 A CAMBIE STREET
VANCOUVER, B.C. CANADA V6B 2N4
PHONE/FAX: (604) 681-0488

THURSDAY MARCH 13 - SATURDAY MARCH 15
State of Mind (Austin, TX)
Downey Mildew (Austin, TX)
Poster Children (Champaign, IL)
Dead Milkmen (Philadelphia, PA)

Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet (Toronto, ON)
Shindig Shop (Little Rock, AR)
Month of Sundays (Atlanta, GA)
Plan B (Berlin, Germany)
Road Kings (Houston, TX)
Verlaines (Dundee, New Zealand)

Bad Mutha Goose (Austin, TX)
Billy Goat (Dallas, TX)
Jimmy Wood and the Immortals (Hollywood, CA)
Blue Rodeo (Toronto, ON)
Bob Wiseman (Toronto, ON)
Lost Dakotas (Toronto, ON)
Bad Livings (Austin, TX)
F.S.K. (Munich, Germany)
Cracker (Redlands, CA)
The Setters (Austin, TX)
L7 (Los Angeles, CA)
Helmet (New York, NY)

Ranch Romance (Seattle, WA)
Jr. Gone Wild (Edmonton, AB)
SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST MUSIC CONFERENCE

AUSTIN, TEXAS

Are you ready for this? 300 bands in three days in Austin, Texas, one of the best industry conventions anywhere. Forget the New Music Seminar in New York, this is the place to be. But enough about the convention, do you really want to know which panels I went to and what was discussed? If so, write Scooter and something can be done, but honestly I don't think it is worth it. So instead, what follows is a brief review of the thirty bands that Bob Roper and Ric Rbt (vowels withheld to protect Mr. Rbt's ability to sign bands to his record label) saw either together or separately.

State of Mind was the first band that Mr. Rbt and I saw. Despite using perhaps the world's most common band name, (have you noticed that there is a State of Mind in every city in the world?) it was a fine way to start off the weekend. Doubtful that you will ever see this band unless you travel to Austin, but if you do, they are worth seeing. In the funky/alternative style, the vocalist had a range that covered most of the spectrum known to the human ear and her band was tight.

I first saw **Downey Mildew** three or four years ago when they opened for the Jazz Butcher at the Town Pump. I liked them then and I like them even more now. Despite the folksy sounding name the band can and does, let it all hang out at times. Strong songwriting is the focus of the Mildews. Pick up

their third record, out in June on Windham Hill. (Yes, Windham Hill. The Milders are the first rock act signed to the label of meditation.)

The main reason for going anywhere on Thursday was to see **Swerve** driver slayers, **Poster Children**. "The Kids" (as music industry people call them because they are too busy to utter the extra three syllables) were worth the wait. Despite not being able to understand any lyrics (are there any or does the singer just shout his grocery list into the mic?), both Mr. Rbt and myself were blown to little bitty pieces. If this band ever comes back to Vancouver, you had better have a good excuse for not being there.

My big show for the evening was supposed to be **The Dead Milkmen**. I have never been a real fan of the Dead guys before, but I saw the video for "Punk Rock O'Clock" a couple days before and was impressed. Generally videos don't impress me. However, (if you are a Dead Milkmen fan you might want to close your eyes at this point) they sucked. Sucked, sucked, sucked, sucked. Sucked. This one redeeming quality was the singing of the guy who had the monotone voice, but unfortunately he had to sing Dead Milkmen songs and they were very good songs. Give it up guys.

One band that has no need to give up anything is **Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet**. The instrumentalists from Toronto, best known in the US for their *Kids in the Hall* theme, surprised many in the audience with their ability to survive and entertain without lyrics. It was my first live experience with the Shadowy Men and I eagerly anticipate my next.

Shindig Shop are a hard core band that appeared to be Vancouver's own Paul McKenney on vocals, but upon inspection of his driver's license proved to be false. Humorous, yet repulsive, is the word on this group. Mike of that you will.

Month of Sundays are exactly what the name implies: a jangle pop band who sounded like Memory Day except with better vocals (Good thing Mr. Rbt's identity is protected).

Berlinrockers, **Plan B** were very happy to be in Austin. They said so. Mainly influenced by R&B rockers like Crowes, Stones, but without the positing that so often goes with hairballs and pointers. Plan B had fun as did the audience.

Another international entry, **The Verlaines** put on a good show despite suffering from the cold Austin weather (good thing they weren't in Saskatoon). For

Canadians it was hot, for New Zealanders it was not. One of the larger crowds of the evening got into the Jazz Butcher sounds and strong songwriting that the Verlaines offered.

The Road Kings were one of the many traditional rockers/billy bands that flooded Austin. However, on a slight twist of the theme, the twang was missing. Mr. Rbt judged them as being cool, as opposed to the Verlaines who were just plain cold. At this time Mr. Rbt and I hooked up again and began the search for additional clothing. We did not find it in either **Bad Mutha Goose** or **Billy Goat**. The misnamed Goose people were bad, but not in the way they intended the adverb to be used. I would have gagged had I seen more than two minutes. While I may be accused of happily dismissing this band, I know what it takes to make me vomit and Bad Mutha Goose have it. Billy Goat are worse. Nuff said.

I was then in a foul mood and to make matters worse, Mr. Rbt was a tragic case of nose bleed. These are the only most despised Canadian bands (and to the World and Canadian Rockies). **Blue Rodeo**. To give **Blue Rodeo** a fair shake, I minimized everything I hated about the Toronto/Guelph Street scene and that is quite a feat. Granted, I had never seen them before or heard much of their music, save for those god awful singles, but I knew that I hated them. And that's what having a good prejudice is all about, thinking something or someone without attempting to understand them is all. I hated **Blue Rodeo**. So, quite reluctantly, I was coerced into attending a show that I knew would ruin my day and prevent me from ever getting to sleep that night as I tossed and turned in a fit of rage.

Well, let me take this time to pull both feet out of my mouth and eat every nasty thing I have ever said about **Blue Rodeo**. This was the best performance of the entire conference. These guys actually got me from my usual position at a concert (standing off to the side or preferably at the back near the exit) to foreign ground, the front row. I was in awe.

Why the sudden turn around, you ask? Three main reasons, I guess. One, the band writes amazing songs. Lyrically and musically they blow the doors off everything else in Canada for sure, and probably elsewhere as well. Live, they are like 54-40 at their very best except **Blue Rodeo** had no weak moments. Second, they are so tight and talented that they can do anything on stage.

They have a basic song structure and then create around it while playing. No wimpy, pretentious, play-out-four-minute-songs-and-we're-out-here attitude. They jammed and rocked, and jammed and screamed, and jammed and laughed, and were genuinely happy that the audience loved them. Thirdly, and the reason that got me initially hooked in the show, is their keyboardist, Bob Wiseman. This is no ordinary rock band keyboardist but a true innovator and genius. Bob does not sit at his keyboards and play them, he doesn't even face them. He coozies up to them and becomes part of his instrument. Wiseman pounds on his wildly painted keyboard, playing combinations of chords that have never been attempted before in music. It wouldn't matter if **Blue Rodeo** sucked, they would be worth seeing just to watch Bob in action.

Opening for **Blue Rodeo** that night was the worst L.A. formula garbage I saw of Canada's own **Blue**. **Jimmy Wood** and the **Immortals** do what I call "into Bruce Springsteen's chest (or jeans) on a day. Let's suppose that Jimmy and his band were really into Springsteen.

Saturday night was the night I was looking forward to the most. After my near religious experience at the **Blue Rodeo** show, I was primed to see **Bob Wiseman** do his solo show at the Canada house. Judging by the turnout, so were a lot of other people. Bob started out with just an acoustic guitar and sang in a voice that showed every limitation known to humankind. Strangely enough, though, those are the people that are also the most interesting vocally. Singing songs that dealt with many different social issues, but doing so in a humorous, rather than in a your face way. Bob had the crowd whipped around his little finger. Showing that his creativity wasn't limited to the keyboards, Bob took off his guitar and started playing it like a keyboard, using one hand for percussion and the other for whatever struck his fancy. Then, to top the set off, he went back to his multicoloured keyboard set-up and tore into a psychedelic feast of wild sounds and contortions. If I have not made myself clear enough, Bob Wiseman is one of the most talented musicians and performers in Canada.

The Lost Dakotas were up next and were another one of those lacking things who are just so comfortable on a street corner as a stage. However **The Lost Dakotas** have an electric guitar, an electric fiddle, and former members of **Change of Heart** and **Pigfarm**. A couple things that they do very well are covers (**Sex** **Pis-**

tois to Beatles) and harmonies. Look for them on a street corner near you.

Well, I was now off to the main event of the weekend, for me, but first there were a couple of other bands to deal with. Austin's **Bad Livings** are the biggest thing that city right now. They spent last year touring with The Butthole Surfers and the year before playing as Michelle Shocked's band. People everywhere love them. They have an attitude, an upright bass, fiddle, guitar, and occasionally an accordion and the largest tuba you have ever seen. The **Bad Livings** put on a good show. Unfortunately, I had been acousticed to death by this point and it was all beginning to sound the same. However, Mr. Rbt liked them saying that they reminded him of the freshness of **Violent Femmes** the first time he saw them in 1983 (what do you want Rbt, a medal?). The crowd worshipped their hometown heroes as evidenced by the lack of ability to move any where in the venue during their set and the rush to leave the venue immediately after. Probably all going to L7.

Well, I wish I had left with them and missed Munich's **F.S.K.** Not that they were that bad or anything, I just wanted something loud, and German folk-compa-pah was not about to do it for me. Many called it Bavarian Tex-Mex, and there was some humor behind it all (one song was entitled "Hitler Lives" and when some audience members cheered, the guitar player boomed "Shut up you Nazi Germans."), but it was just delaying what I had been waiting all weekend for, **Cracker**.

For those who don't keep up with such things (and I do not realize this until I was actually down in Austin), **Cracker** is the new band fronted by Camper Van Beethoven frontman, David Lowery. And being one of the biggest CVB fans this side of Abbotford, I was anticipating this more than opening day of the baseball season. Given that, it would invariably follow that I would be disappointed, which I was. But only a little. Asking **Cracker** to live up to the standards set by CVB in one of their very first shows, is kind of like asking **Instinct** to be **DOA**. They were good; I was hoping for greatness. Give them a few more shows and then we'll be able to demand that greatness.

The down side to seeing **Cracker**, although I wouldn't have missed it for anything, was that L7 was playing at the same time. Mr. Rbt dutifully went off for his dose of thrash and mosh plitting and came back with a

verdict of total greatness. After waiting quite some time for them to start, along with other four hundred people in the venue, Mr. Rbt was primed. L7 came out, were pissed off at the organizers by the conference (calling it "South By South What?"), and proceeded to kick some serious butt. Even more energetic than The Kids (refer back to earlier in the review if you have forgotten already), the entire crowd was dumfounded, frenzied, but friendly, mosh pit. L7 maintained their anger and energy throughout their fourteen song set and earned Mr. Rbt's Show Of The Conference Award, just edging out **Blue Rodeo**.

Anything after L7 was bound to be a disappointment, and **Helmet** were. Not because they weren't good, just that L7 were so angry and got the crowd so worked up, but Mr. Rbt had nothing left for **Helmet**.

Seattle's Ranch Romance spoiled the dime store cowboy look, complete with every cowboy accessory conceivable, (it's legal to carry a gun in Texas, you know, George Bush wouldn't have it any other way.) and had the sound to match. While not overwhelming they were enjoyable, but there does seem to be only so much two stepping that any non-Texan can handle. Back at my post **Cracker** venue, an Austin super cracker was taking the stage.

The Setters are made up of ex-members of **Rank and File**, the **True Believers**, and **The Silos**. While the songs were well written and well played, it seemed as if everyone was taking their turn at doing a song that they had written in their previous band. As such, The Setters never established any identity or cohesiveness. Too many songwriters spoiling the vegetable broth.

The last band seen in Austin was Edmonton's **Jr. Gone Wild**. Not much to report, as Mr. Rbt only caught the encore, but he did note that they had an Albian flag as their backdrop. As with most of Jr.'s encores, they were going wild, crashing into everything they could find. Hopefully this time they paid the opening band.

So ends the South by Southwest report. If you've got the time and money, it's worth going just for the shows that you'll get to see. However, that does seem quite decadent, so I would recommend staying at home and just waiting for the non-day cream to rise to the top and play in Vancouver. Catch 'y' all later.

Rob Boper

APRIL 15

asexuals

west coast
T O U R

APRIL

14- seattle, wa.

16- cruel elephant

18- tba

19- whistler, b.c.

20- victoria, b.c.

out now:

'exile from
FLOONTOWN'

cd
lp

CARGO
RECORDS



THE BEST IN LIVE
RHYTHM & BLUES
EACH NIGHT

1300 GRANVILLE (AT DRAKE)
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL

681-YALE

VANCOUVER'S HOTTEST BLUES NIGHTCLUB

Mar. 30 - April 4 **AMOS GARRET**

Apr. 5 **CFOX's STORMIN' NORMAN LIVE FROM THE YALE BROADCAST** also **CANADIAN BLUESMASTER DISC RELEASE.**

Apr. 6-7 **GATEMOUTH BROWN** tix \$10 at the bar
Apr. 7-11 from New York **LITTLE MIKE AND THE TORNADOES**

Apr. 13 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**

Apr. 14-18 Canadian slide guitarist **ELLEN McELWAIN**

Apr. 20-25 **BIG JOE DUSKIN w/ THE DEMONS**

Apr. 27 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**

Apr. 28-May 2 from Chicago **SHERMAN ROBERTSON**

DON'T MISS JACK LAVIN'S JAMS:

SATURDAY 3-8 PM / SUNDAY BLUES MARATHON JAM 3PM - MIDNIGHT

JACK LAVIN'S JAMS ARE SPONSORED BY MOTHER'S MUSIC AND THE DRUM SHOP

OPEN EACH NIGHT FROM 9:30 PM TO 1:30 AM OPEN WEEKDAYS FROM 11:30 AM

SAY NO!
TO DRUGS

THIS MESSAGE BROUGHT TO YOU BY

VERTICAL AFTER



FULL
LENGTH
CD NOW
AT
a&b

NITZER EBB

"Waiting for the Lightning Man to Collapse"

by Lloyd Uliana

It's a little difficult to imagine the billiard-headed puppy before us would gather up enough energy to slip on the knee-length Everlasts and assist Nitzer Ebb colleagues Doug McCarthy and session-guy-turned-on-tour percussionist-guy Julian Beeston in whipping the frat guys and girls at the Commodore into a slammin' frenzy just hours after this interview. And you'd think there's gotta be a better way of spending a mild Saturday afternoon in Vancouver than by being sucked up to by some college radio flakes, especially if the previous night you "came out second best to a bottle of Bacardi." Nah! So, after waging a battle of the VU meters against Mark Knopfler and Angus Young during the PA check, the real chittin' and chattin' with Bon Harris began:

Discorder: Now that you've found success with *Right Said Fred*, I guess Douglas' solo career isn't all that far away? I think Douglas' solo career is probably further down the line than mine. He has actually just done something with Alan Wilder on the *Recoil* album—a track called "The Faith Healer" which was originally by the sensational Alex Harvey band.

D: Wilder did some production on the EP. He helped us with "Come Alive" and that was kind of a dry run before the album... to see how well the working relationship would be. It was good to work with Al on the album... really helpful. Been a lot of work going on between Wilder and the Ebb boys recently.

D: So what exactly aren't you too sexy for?

I: I ain't too sexy for anything today, I mustn't say. I'm not sexy enough I don't think.

D: You're off to South America and Japan after this?

Possibly, yeah. We end up in New York, then we'll be going back to England to do six shows and a few shows in Spain. And then, it depends... depends on the Japanese getting themselves in gear and getting it organized. We may go to South America as well. We've been offered a few concerts there—Paraguay, Uruguay, Peru, Brazil. We're leaving our plans fairly open, but we've got our mind to do this Japanese thing.

D: What kind of audiences do you have in those countries, for instance, are you selling millions of copies of your records in Japan?

I: I wouldn't go that far, but they're two different areas. I mean, Japan's obviously a very market-oriented area. No idea what the crowds are like 'cause we never actually played there. South America's a slightly different kettle of fish I think, because there's not so much wealth. I think concerts tend to be better attended than actual record sales. It's probably a similar situation to what we've seen in places like Spain... very similar approach I would imagine.

D: Nitzer Ebb was involved in last year's Reading music festival.

We've been asked the last couple of years to do it and we've always been doing albums... never really free. We finished the album this summer and they asked us again and we agreed to do it. Quite enjoy doing festivals every now and again. So, we turned up, managed to bag the only nice sunny day out of the whole weekend and did a good set. Seemed to stand out because there were so many guitar-oriented bands. I think there was one rap group, so they were the only other band that weren't using any guitars. I think it made us stand out quite a lot. Got a lot of positive reaction. Journalists were saying that our set was one of the best of the weekend. That was cool.

D: I read somewhere you were off on vacation in Texas, writing articles for *Thrasher* magazine. My fiancée's from Dallas, so we get back when we can and visit. I like it down there. There's a good little scene down there. Got a few friends. We played there recently on this tour, had a few technological nightmares but managed to pull the show off. Something happened with the PA and all the power went off in the third number, so we were left in silence for a little while there.

D: Time to bring out the acoustic guitars and flutes. The Polynesian nose flute solo... always a winner!

D: Is there a connection between the lyrics for "Family Man" not being included on *Ebbhead* and the fact that the album didn't have a parental advisory? They stickered *Ebbhead* in America. Most of the North American copies have been stickered. Whether it's a different deal in Canada, I wouldn't imagine so. Most of them have got parental advisory because we're naughty little boys. We originally didn't want to put "Family Man" on *Ebbhead*. We counted As Is as a statement in itself. It was kind of reaction against the remixmania that goes on in the record business. We said there is to be no remix-

es. We do the tracks once and that's how they stay. Then, Dan Miller wanted to do it and Geffen wanted to have "Family Man" on *Ebbhead*. The instance they cited was like when Soul II Soul did their album, they didn't put "Back to Life" on it, and how many people bought it and were completely bummed out that they didn't have their favorite single on the album? When it was presented to us in that light, we made the concession to put "Family Man" on the album, but we didn't include the lyrics because we still considered it slightly separate from the rest of it.

D: Are your romantic lives playing a larger role in your songwriting?... I'm thinking of tracks like "Come Alive," "Give to You" and "Ascend."

I: I think that kind of thing's just an element that was always there. With us, it's just knowing how to incorporate it and feeling comfortably with putting it across without being out of character. It'd be easy for a track like "Ascend" or "Give to You" to just mush out and become a little bit uncharacteristic of us. Whereas we feel with those tracks, we achieved a kind of softness that we wanted to get across... a little bit more melody, not so aggressive, a different side to the music, but still keep the feel about it. Nitzer Ebb. I think those sides to us have always



each other because we had to stick together. Electronic music itself was fairly young and then this kind of aggressive approach to it was even younger, so I think it's just another way of making music now and we were perhaps among the first to do it that way, but I don't think it's a movement. All those bands you just mentioned all sound very different. Got a different approach.

D: Your videos don't attract much airplay, are you thinking about releasing some kind of video package at the consumer level?

Yeah, we'd like to do a long form video one day, but it's finding the right way to present it. We don't just want to stack our videos together and throw in some live footage and be done with it. We've had a video camera on the road with us this time, so we've been shooting more footage. Maybe we'll edit that together. But we would like to release it 'cause we've done a lot 'em and they're a pain.

D: But an Ebb video consists of you just skipping down streets like maniacs. It's not like you're doing any kind of M.C. Hammer-esque choreography. Nah, it's just all the waiting around. I've gotta go one tomorrow... a video for "Ascend"... done some remixes of "Ascend." So, we gotta leave the rest of the tour, fly down to L.A., get out and film for one day and then fly and meet back up in time for the gig in Salt Lake City which you don't really need.

D: Couldn't you have done anything in Vancouver?

I: I like it here, but the whole thing was they wanted it to be done in the desert. Not a lot of desert in Vancouver this time of year.

D: You can wade through a sewage treatment plant.

I'd rather go to L.A. actually (laughs) than stand in raw sewage. Yeah, I do like the scenery around here. I was looking at it this morning on the way in, looking at the mountains and stuff. I've been dying to try snowboarding for years.

D: Anyone in your field that interests you? Last time we spoke (July 1990) Prince and the New Power Generation were among your favorites.

Chili Peppers is still well up there. I think their latest record is excellent. I went to see Soundgarden the other night when we were in Seattle, just caught the last four songs. That's a really good album. Dinosaur Jr., that was a crackin' album. Nirvana obviously, but everyone's a bit sick of that. Young Gods have just done a new album that sound really good. Rollins has got a new album out which I haven't heard. Ice-T's, that's really good. That one's been hitting the turntables on this tour quite a lot, but Chili Peppers is still probably the favorite among them.

D: Done any shows with the Young Gods? Yeah, we've done some gigs with them before. They've changed quite a lot. When we first met them, they were very unassuming and quite good fun. I think they're a bit arty and serious now, but they do good work so it's obviously not doing them any harm.



Bon Harris by Greg Elsie

WIND WALKER RAINSTICK



Out Now. (We hope).
Just because we had a record release show with no records doesn't mean there are no records. Not at all. There are, and they are on sale at a special low price for the month of April at Zulu, Scratch & Track. We've done our part, now it's your turn.

Also still available,
but not for long:



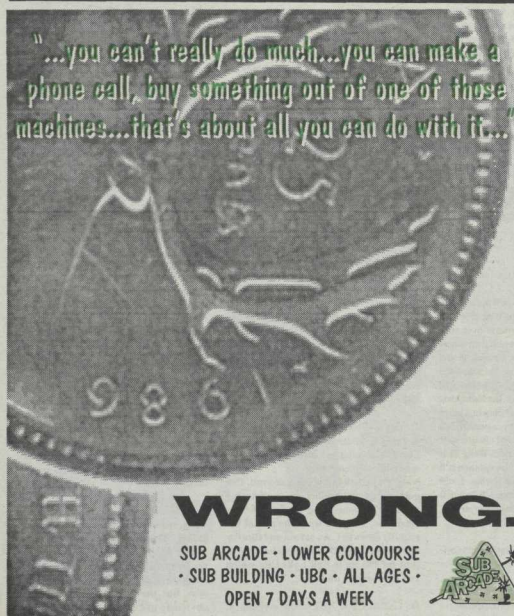
The Mint Is
A Terrible
Thing To
Taste
7"



mint records, inc. #699-810 w. broadway, vancouver, bc canada v5z 4c9 (604)669-MINT fax 684-6282



"...you can't really do much...you can make a phone call, buy something out of one of those machines...that's about all you can do with it..."



WRONG.

SUB ARCADE • LOWER CONCOURSE
• SUB BUILDING • UBC • ALL AGES •
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK



Calendar of Nights



WEDNESDAYS
Reggae Night
with DJ George Barrett

THURSDAYS
College Night
with DJ Noah

FRIDAYS
Panic
with DJ Chad
(Free cover before 10 pm)

SATURDAYS
Beyond The Dance
with DJ Noah

Doors Open
At 9:00 pm

GRACELAND

1250 Richards St., Alley Entrance 688-2648

Tribe 8 is a self-professed "girl band for girls." (If you don't "get" their name, look up tribade in the dictionary). They're grungy, crunchy, sleazy and smart - oh yeah, and not really interested in hiding their preference for sharing their blankets with girls.

They've been playing around San Francisco for about a year and have sold out their first 8-song cassette which included the now classic tunes "Neanderthal Dyke," "Powerboy" (about police brutality), "Lezophobia" and "1 Party 2 Many." The Tribe is slated to put out a couple of indie singles soon and will also appear on an upcoming compilation featuring such denizens of the thriving underground girl scene as Bikini Kill, 7 Year Bitch, and The Lucy Stoners. Their contribution is called "I Just Wanna Manipulate My Girlfriend." Hmm, sounds like something you might want to pawn your Barbie collection for. Anyway, they're planning to do some touring this spring and might even get to Europe this summer, so check your local listings and don't miss em'.

Tribe 8's aggressively frank treatment of sexual politics and mainstream gay culture pretty much precludes their total acceptance by all dykes, let alone your average shred-head. One woman I met went out of her way to tell me she thought they were "rude, obnoxious and nasty and can't even play their instruments." That's when I knew for sure I'd like them. So I asked around for them and eventually convinced them to sit down and chat about their music, live shows and the San Francisco scene. Present and accounted for at the chin-wag were Leslie (guitar), Lynne Breedlove (vocals), and Mahia (bass). Unavailable for comment were drummer Kat and guitarist Flipper.

Leslie: We've been together for about a year. I went to this party and Lynne and Flipper and Kat were playing. It was the first thing they ever did, and they made maybe 4 songs that they kept playing over and over.

Lynne Breedlove: There were five actually and we made them up in one week.

L: And I thought, that's cool. Then Lynne started yelling that they needed a bass player and I said I'd play bass with them and she started yelling "Hey, we got a bass player." I didn't know any of them and they didn't know each other really well either.

LB: We called Kat and asked her if she could play drums and she said "Well, I haven't played in four years, but I'll give it a shot."

Mahia: I never knew all this.

L: Then we started playing in the back room of someone's house and it was really loud.

LB: We had to sound-proof it because the landlord's wife was dying or something.

Disorder: You didn't contribute to her death at all did you?

LB: Well, I don't think she died but we did have to move out.

L: So we had to find a real practice space and we figured if we had more people in the band it would be cheaper. So that's when I switched to guitar and we got Mahia on bass.

M: Oh, that's how it happened. Oh my god, I'm so pissed off.

LB: Mahia actually sounds the best 'our she actually has experience on her instrument.

L: Our first gigs were at parties, then some benefits.

M: Then we didn't waste any time and went into the studio.

L: Our first show was totally great. It was probably the first time I had ever seen that many dykes with their shirts off and dancing.

M: All these bras and panties flying around and being thrown on stage... people ripping their shirts off. We kept those bras and panties in our storage room for ages.

So how does the writing go, collective/tyrannical?

M: Spontaneous combustion.

L: It just happens, except Breedlove writes the lyrics, all the poetic shit, then we all pretty much contribute to the music.

What inspired you to wear a ten

foot, rather ten inch dildo on stage for your delivery of "Powerboy", that song about police brutality and homophobia?

LB: Because the line in it goes "you got your night stick, your surrogate dick." I just thought we gotta do something, we got so little talent we got to get ourselves some props. So I went over to Stormy Leather and they had this big old gnarly, ugly, rubber thang for just \$13. So I said, "That's for me."

L: That's slightly more than a dollar an inch.

M: People loved it, they got into it.

L: Yeah, except the straight boys, they tend to look down between their own legs and feel a bit inferior.

Actually, I'm kind of interested in knowing exactly who your audience is?

L: Anybody from record reps to straights, to queers, and lots of girls.

Record reps eh? Well, girl grunge does seem to be getting noticed by some labels. Babes in Toyland just got a Warner's deal and L7 jumped from Sub-Pop to Slash. Of course there's Thurston Moore's "fox-core" endorsement...

L: Oh yeah, that was so terrible, that term they use to lump all women's hands into one big pile of nothingness.

M: I think we're too offensive for anyone major. Straight mainstream music biz wouldn't go near us with a ten foot pole.

They did with Axel Rose.

L: Yeah but he happens to be rabidly heterosexual, male and white.

How bout L7 though?

L: Yeah, they're big time, they've been around for years and they really deserve it.

M: Yeah, they're great, they sell out all the time here.

And they're pretty out there in terms of content?

M: Definitely. They are totally open and cool, and I think they purposely cultivate ambiguous sexuality.

L: They're very queer positive. When they played that song "Past and Frightening", here in San Francisco, they dedicated it to Tribe 8 and they were all wearing Queer Nation stickers.

Tell me about a gig that you really liked.

LB: Puzzi.

ALL: Yeah!

LB: We practiced for five days straight - we were all so paranoid.

M: See, we had put out our own leaflet that said "Fuck Pete Wilson, Fuck Frank Jordan, Fuck the Police, Fuck This, Fuck That."

LB: "...Fuck Everything, Die Die Die," and some right-wing asshole shows up at the club, Cafe San Disco, waving the flyer and saying "you made a mistake. You don't have your permit yet and we can make life hell for you." So the bar manager calls me and tells us we can't play if we didn't take the flyers down right away. She said the police called and said they couldn't have any punk rock acts playing there because they're too loud. So I made the mistake of telling her I didn't think punk rock was a "volume

cause we're really into supporting this AB 101 Defense Fund thing, AND, it was in her best interest 'our we can draw hundreds of people and they drink a lot of beer. So she says, "Okay, you can play and the police will look the other way this time."

M: But they told Lynne that she had to agree not to take her top off; no polling dicks out.

L: And they told her she couldn't suck anything.

LB: So then we go around and tell all our friends that they had to go to the gig, 'our we were really big shit, and they had to support the AB 101 thing.



M: The most fun was that Berkley gig, a benefit for People's Park when they wanted to now it down and make it into a bunch of volleyball courts.

L: But another one was the No Apologies, No Regrets benefit. It was for the people who were arrested during the riots which followed the defeat of the AB 101 amendment which would have given gays legal rights in California; like they couldn't lose their housing or jobs over issues of sexual orientation. Anyway, it turned into this big fight between us and the bar hosting the event, who became really worried that we were too controversial and would upset their customers.

level" and that maybe we weren't quite the kind of band she wanted playing at her bar 'our, we ain't no fucking lounge act, we're super intense, anarchist, pornography punk rock motherfuckers - we he suckin' dick, we be takin' our clothes off, maybe we better re-think this whole thing." She said, "Fine, don't play." Then I realized that my ass would be grass if everyone got home from the Grand Canyon and found out we weren't gonna play this gig, so I realized I had to start kissing her ass. So I said, "What was on those flyers? Oh really, I didn't even know what was on them." Then I told her it would be a real drag if we couldn't play the benefit be-

M: It was really big, tons of people came out, people we never even saw before. They were yelling, pushing, shoving and slamming. Then their show got cut short and people got pissed off.

L: Yeah, they turned off our sound. It was getting rowdy, but it was the only time in the whole night the place actually rocked. It was great.

ALL: Yeah, that was a great show.

Anyone interested in getting some Tribe 8 music can contact them through L. Mah, 3354 22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94110

They say one should never get their hopes up—who needs hopes when days like March 4th fill the wishes, dreams and fantasies quota for years to come. Emerging from Seattle, Soundgarden have been musically bending mentalities years before kids knew "Teen Spirit" from a hole in their head. I made it to the Commodore, managed to get the equipment functioning, and pulled off an hour long conversation with singer, Chris Cornell and guitarist, Kim Thayil without digressing into Wayne and Garth mode. Before you lies the edited version minus the grasshopper and pterodactyl (the details are mine all mine). TOO MANY CHOICES OF VEGGIES—I'VE LOST MY GRIP! Can I take your order sir?

Disorder: What were the first bands you heard that made you want to pick up a musical instrument?

Kim Thayil: The Beatles and Kiss
Chris Cornell: There's no band in particular that made me want to pick up an instrument. There were bands that made me appreciate music but I just picked up instruments 'cuz I felt like it, I guess.

KT: Whenever I was in a room with a guitar I'd pick it up and try to figure out the theme song from the Beatles cartoon.

If videos weren't so seemingly important in the business would you bother doing them?
KT&CC: (simultaneously) Probably not.

Was the "Jesus Christ Pose" video difficult to shoot?

KT: Only difficult in that it was out in the desert; from our standpoint it was hot and Ben and I hadn't slept.

Do you feel Badmotorfinger to be a big musical step forward or just a natural progression from Louder Than Love?
CC: We sorta have progressions from song to song, we don't really consider album to album like steps in any particular direction.

I may seem very naive but what is "Badmotorfinger"?

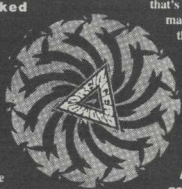
KT: It's a bunch of things.
CC: It's nothing actually.
KT: It's an original word now.
CC: Ya, it's a word Kim made up, it means real loud, heavy, rock'n'roll music.
KT: It could be a bumpy road, it could mean a sparkplug....

You're probably really sick of talking about Seattle because that's all you seem to get asked about....

KT: Ya, "So tell us, what's Nirvana like?"

Exactly, but when did it start becoming that people from the strangest places are moving there just for the scene, when did that start happening?

KT: It's been happening over the past couple of years but it's getting really crazy now.



Do you think Seattle's going to turn into another L.A. with just millions of bands?

KT: Well there's a weird kind of Hollywoodish vibe. I went out to a club to meet a friend and there were

with what you say?

CC: I'm not paying any attention to other people whatsoever when I write music or lyrics. I'm not attempting to do anything to anyone.

Is everything you write from something you've experienced?

CC: No, not necessarily, sometimes it's just images, or ideas, or things that I'll just make up or invent. Like *Badmotorfinger*, which I didn't make up, Kim did, but that's a good example.

I know you keep getting asked about the "Jesus Christ Pose" video....

KT&CC: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

CC: "Jesus Christ Pose?" Well it's about people exploiting that pose.

And you didn't feel you were exploiting it in your video?

CC: I think we exploited it in a lot of different ways in our video.

With the vegetable thing on the cross, what is that thing?

CC: It's a salad.

And there are fish in it?

CC: Yeah, there is.

KT: There's pig's feet too. I thought it was loaves of bread but it turned out to be pig's feet. However, there are loaves of bread, y'know, like that biblical reference to fish and bread....

CC: Multiplying the loaves.

I've read a few articles about you where they call Soundgarden leaders in a new generation of music, is that how you see yourselves or do you care?

KT: Yeah, sure, okay.

Do you feel

that

you're

something

very original?

KT: I think there are other bands that can share in the credit of that. The Melvins could possibly have that tag. I think we're the first to have success, and take it outside of Seattle, to a certain level and a lot of the other earlier bands broke up except the Melvins.

Is Soundgarden something you see yourself doing for a long time to come or are you going to do what Perry Farrell did?

KT: I don't think there's any Perry Farrell trip here. I think we'll do it as long as we enjoy it and as long as people are going "God, what's their

next album gonna sound like?" Then we might well give them another album 'cause I'd like to hear what it sounds like too.

What's the most important thing Soundgarden wants to get across to everyone?

KT: Like we were saying earlier, there's no intentional political message but if there is something which is asserted at some point, said in interviews it is asserting individualism and having people think for themselves. Not to just buy into any mould, or any political viewpoint, or even rock'n'roll. There's nothing we want to tell or teach people other than for them to rely more on themselves: have a lot of confidence, respect themselves, and to not get wound up in, I mean buy our records but don't....

So what do you think of people who are worshipping you?

KT: Then they're not getting it are they? I mean we never try to present ourselves as objects of worship.

Do you think it's healthy for young people to idolize bands so much?

CC: It isn't necessarily. I mean it's good to appreciate it, it's good to relate to it, it's good to even be moved by it or have your life changed by it. But it's your life so at some point you have to take some responsibility.

KT: I don't think any of us were ever like that. None of us, as individuals, were like that so it's really hard to understand why other people would be. Is their esteem damaged?

Do you get angry if people ask you for your autograph?

KT: Depends when and where, I mean it's always considered flattering, but sometimes it's imposing and rude. And it depends if you're at your hotel or if people walk on your bus; it's your home. Don't just open up someone's door and walk in, there's gotta be some time to ourselves.

CC: If they show up on horses, wearing sheets, with a flaming cross, and they ask us for our autograph that seems kinda imposing.

Has that ever happened before?

CC: Well, actually it

hasn't but we've come close to it in places like Louisiana. They weren't wearing sheets but they were driving 280Z's and Monte Carlos, and they had guns in their hands.

KT: Well, we just signed an arrest statement, or was it a ticket...? Citation?

CC: Yeah, I guess it was a citation, a summons to appear in court.

Do you have any theories on why the hardcore music scene seems to be so male dominated?

KT: Did you read the Sassy interview?

No.

KT: Male dominated? I don't know. Why are most

Photo by Kai Korinith

tons of people; it was a Monday night and the place was almost sold out and I didn't recognize anyone. I'm used to going to clubs and seeing people I've seen around in bands, or on the street, or something. There's all these people, where'd they come from, and they all dress like they're dressed for Seattle.

That's what we get up here too. Everyone's got their Dr. Martens, and their shirts tied their

plaid around waist; getting quite sad actually.

KT: It is sad. It's none of my business how a person looks, I mean it's not up to me to approve or disapprove. I just think it's creepy.

that's the judgement I make. It's unfortunate that people will make the same kind of decision regardless of where they are in the country.

Now, Chris, you write all the lyrics don't you?

CC: Not all of them but I write a lot of them.

Are you writing your lyrics to scare people or confuse them; are you trying to inspire people

professional baseball players men? Why are most bankers and engineers men? I don't know. You could ask that of a woman, say why aren't you playing in a hardcore band?

CC: Why aren't you playing in a hardcore band?

All girls should be waitresses, right?

KT: Oh, she did read the Ann Magnuson article in *Spin*. No, I think she kinda missed that that was a joke. I asked her if this was a way of asking me if I think girls can rock, and she goes (using nice voice) "well, do you," and I go, "well there's probably waitress positions open...."

Do you think the press has been fair to you or do you find that articles have been printing things you haven't said?

CC: There's been things written that we haven't said before, from people who've printed things that weren't true.

KT: And nowadays we're in a demand apart from that initial sort of subculture that would originally interview us. Now the demand goes out as far as *USA Today*, *Time Magazine*, or *Entertainment Tonight*. Well these people don't know how to approach us. They're used to interviewing Bruce Springsteen or Michael Jackson and now they want a story about Seattle, so they're gonna misconstrue things.

What recommendations could you make to young struggling bands?

CC: Move to L.A....
KT: And get a girl to play bass, that way people won't wonder why it's so male dominated.

Do you find music to be a form of inner cleansing for you... getting out your aggression?

KT: Yep! It's fun, it can be cathartic.

Have you ever had a time when you've drawn a total musical blank and haven't been able to write anything?

KT: For me, there are periods when I could put out a lot of things and the band would be re-

ceptive to it, but now I'm putting out things that I'll just go "wait a minute, I'm not so sure I want to show anyone, it's kinda goofy." Dry spells, yeah, certainly. Then you spend the rest of your time trying to figure out why you have a dry spell.

If you were writing and a song came out of you that sounded like the Beach Boys or Warrant would you burn it and deny it?

KT: I wouldn't show it to anyone!

So you wouldn't accept it if that's the way you were going?

CC: Unless it sounded better than the best Beach

Boys song ever written.

KT: I think everyone in this band has written some pretty poppy stuff. It probably won't make it to a Soundgarden record, not to say it's a bad song it could be a good song, but it might not be appropriate for what we do together or for our audience.

Here's a silly one, if one song off all your albums had to represent you could you choose one?

KT: You should ask us that after the band breaks up. That's what they asked Robert Plant and he said "Kashmir" would have to really sum up Led Zeppelin. I wouldn't know at this point, we may not have got to that song yet.

CC: I gotta answer that, I think "Kashmir" sums up Soundgarden's history and personalities of the band. "What I Like About You" could almost sum it up more than "Kashmir" but "Kashmir" is a strong one.

Can Soundgarden cure the summer-time blues? (I'm joking damnit!)

CC: "Roxanne" would have to be in there too, at least in the top five.

I think I'm getting burned.

KT: Soundgarden was awful, they were mean. If only I could've interviewed Matt, Just me, and Matt, and a bottle of white Zinfandel!

Did you care about being successful when you first got together?

KT: No. We

were having a lot of fun doing what we were doing....
CC: We wanted to be liked enough to get shows and we wanted people to come see us and like us. We didn't want to be hated, then sometimes it was kinda cool to be hated.

Have you managed to keep any New Year's resolutions?

KT: I haven't made any since I was eleven, "I'm never gonna smoke" ever."

Can you continue to be influenced even though you're well established? Can you still hear things now and have that influence you?



KT: Yeah, there's a lot of great bands coming up all the time and, believe it or not, not many of them are from Seattle.

What are your personal favorites?

K: Well, Fugazi, when they came out, really got us all going as well as the Smashing Pumpkins with their last record, *Gish*. I think Fugazi is the most different thing I've heard in a while.

Do you get offended that some radio stations that wouldn't touch you when you were here four years ago are now clawing at your feet?

KT: Sometimes it's like, "wait a minute, we were a good band then too, we wrote songs that people liked." It seems weird to have people not initially support us but then pick up on us when they think that we can help their career.

CC: It's why perseverance is usually what makes a band successful. If you're just around for awhile, no matter what you do, the radios take to you at some point. They'll usually end up doing that if they see that people like your music and you have an audience.

Are you still going to continue to support stations smaller like CITR?

KT: We'd like to but one of the things that happens is that the interview circle has grown

and we only have so much time in a day. If we've established a relationship with the college station before we'll say, "Yeah, we should go there. We should do this interview," because we don't want to burn that relationship.

What's the worst question that can get asked these days, you must get a lot of repeats?

KT: The most difficult one is when people ask you questions pertaining to their own special interests. Like *Spin*, every issue, has something on AIDS, and they want you to comment on something that's of issue to them and of concern to them. It's almost like they want us

to endorse a particular viewpoint that they hold. Like having young female interviewers ask why we think rock 'n' roll is primarily male.... If you're in Ireland and one particular group wants you to make a comment about a political issue there, you'd be really irresponsible to state your opinion about someone else's affairs and perhaps anger someone else. That would just be a bad situation.
CC: It especially complicates things if you're stupid.

Are there any final words you want to give your wide listening audience?

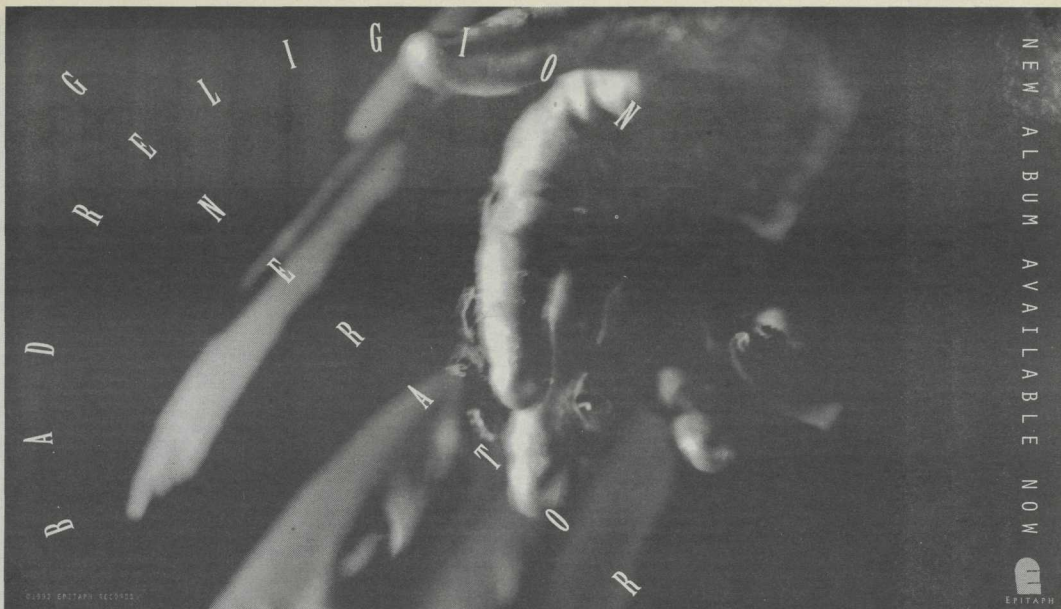
CC: Stay in school. Don't smoke cigarettes. Don't smoke crack. Listen to your parents.
KT: Be a good boy. Be nice to people of all races, creeds, and ethnic groups. Be nice to people regardless of their sex and age.
CC: Eat spinach and other vegetables.
KT: Brush after every meal. Floss regularly. Don't hurt harmless animals like bunnies.
CC: Yeah, don't shoot birds.
KT: Kill sharks and alligators but be nice to bunnies. And kill some cows sometimes if you're hungry but don't hurt bunnies, or kitties, or puppies, or baby harp seal. There, did we say everything politically correct enough?

I guess so, but I'm still offended about the waitress thing.

by Emma Lauder



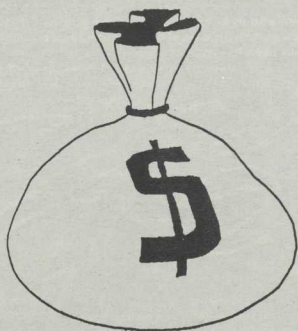
Photo by Kai Korinth



CORST 1040
THE SPINNY BY RADIO

presents ***The UK's Most Talked About New Band!***

TEENAGE FANCLUB



with special guests **AFGHAN WHIGS**

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

COMMODORE

Doors • 8pm

Show • 9pm

Tickets are available at Track, Zulu, Scratch Records and all **ticketmaster** outlets or charge by phone 280-4444



BADES IN TOYLAND

BY BRYCE DUNN

When you think about it, girl groups have been around for a long time (although for some, a shorter time than we remember). From the beat groups of Motown, to the Sunset Strip in L.A. in the Fifties and Sixties, to heavy rock in the Seventies (who here remembers Fanny?), to the commercialized sugarcoted sugar pop of the Eighties. The widely known phenomenon of girls' n' guitars has since become a more explosive trend which has continued on into the Nineties where "I am woman, hear me rock!" is an anthem heralded by many a younger, more aggressive bands striving to make themselves heard instead of only talked about.

Following this current wave along with the likes of L7, the Lunachicks, and Frightwig, are Minneapolis' Babes In Toyland. Formed in 1988, this trio (although they were once a quartet) of Kat Bjelland (on lead guitar and vocals), Michelle Leon (on bass), and Lori Barbero (on drums) went from just bare bones chords to a unique brand of scuzzrock that has left many heads turning and legions of fans bowing at their feet.

Their story begins in 1989. Upon recording a single on an independent label and playing tons in their hometown, they hit the road, and many people (including myself) became instant fans of the "Babes". Not merely because they were a bunch of girls, but because we couldn't believe that these girls could produce such a whirling dervish of sound, compounded by devilish, screeching vocals. What

Spanking Machine, an album of pure aggression, soon caught the eyes and ears of not only North America, but our English neighbors, and, consequently it was off to Europe to spread the "Babemania" overseas. The English press had a field day with them and the moniker of "foxcore" (penned by Sonic Youth muf-shagger Thurston Moore) was rampant in every music tabloid across the Atlantic. At first the Babes themselves were awestruck at this sudden adoration, but now feelings have been gradually toned down. In a recent interview with Lori and Michelle, Michelle had this to say: "It's really weird there, they're really fickle in terms of music. One minute it's something huge, the next minute it's nothing." And about the "foxcore" label, Michelle is very quick to point out that "it was all a joke." However the sudden increase of female bands across the country has them

very excited. Lori says, "I think it's great. The more women who do it, the less people will just talk about it." Michelle adds: "There's room for all of them. It doesn't mean they have to compete with one another, and it doesn't mean they have to be compared to each other, they're just in it for people to listen to."

Of course a little admiration goes a long way and in late 1990, John Loder of Southern Studios in London was busily recording Babes In Toyland's next LP, *To Mother*, as well as the infamous John Peel sessions. *To Mother* shows quite a progression from their first, especially in terms of Kat's vocals—which have gone from utter rage to dynamic, almost poetic tones. The subject matter is still the same, but as I was told, is something Kat has great pride in portraying her lyrics are left to the imagination to decipher.

Touring continued for the rest of 1990 and the better part of 1991, and by this time they had become veterans of the road: surviving earthquakes and numerous car accidents, one of which resulted in becoming the cover of their Inspid single, "Handsome and Gretel"/"Pearl". Lori relates the origin of the cover: "We were in a van accident in Arizona, and the van got totalled. I decided to take a picture of Kat right after the accident and the back cover is of me from an incident that happened about six or seven years ago."

Luckily they survived, for if they hadn't, their deal with major label big-wigs Warner Bros. would not have been struck. "They signed us right after *To Mother* was released," says Michelle, "They liked us and

KAT at the Town Pump PHOTO BY KAI KORINTH

decided to sign us. We also had our contract with Twin/Tone to fulfill, so we decided to wait to record something for Warner Bros." Lori adds, "It had been a year since they'd seen us. Our A&R guy was actually coming out of the rain in New York city and the place where he jumped into to dry himself off was where we were playing. He heard us and liked it, so it just took a year before we actually signed the deal."

So it's now 1992, and once again Babes In Toyland find themselves on the road. When this interview was done, Vancouver was the fourth night of a six-week tour which found them travelling down the West coast and meeting up with My Bloody Valentine (of whom they are fans) in San Francisco, into Texas with Dinosaur Jr., and ending with all three bands completing the tour together. After which recording of the Warner Bros. LP will begin with Minneapolis native Brian Poulson (sic) and Sonic Youth's Lee Renaldo behind the knobs and then a return trip to Europe will follow. On the homefront, Lori has started her own record label, Spanish Fly Records, in order to increase awareness of other Minneapolis bands, two of which, Milk and Dumpster Juice, will have 7 inches out by the time you read this. If you want more info on this or you just want to profess your love and devotion to Babes In Toyland, write to:

Babes In Toyland
P.O. Box 300110
Minneapolis, MN
U.S.A. 55403



L to R: KAT BJELLAND, MICHELLE LEON, LORI BARBERO
came next was two more singles, a track for a Shonen Knife tribute compilation LP (three girls from Japan, no less), and their first LP *Spanking Machine* on Twin/Tone records. Things were certainly looking up for our Mid-Western heroines.

DISCOGRAPHY

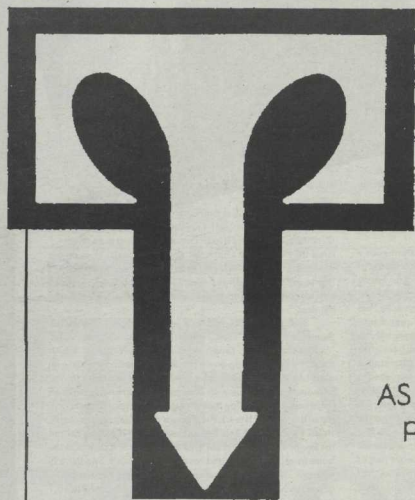
"Dust Cake Boy"/"Spit To See The Shine"-7"(Treehouse)
"Watching Girl"-V/A LP, Every Band Has A Shonen Knife Who Loves Them(Gasatanka/Giant)
"Fleshcrawl"-7", Teriyaki Asthma Vol.3(C/Z)

"House"/"Arriba"-7"(Sub Pop)
Spanking Machine-LP(Twin/Tone)
To Mother-LP(Twin/Tone)
"Handsome and Gretel"/"Pearl"-7"(Inspid)
"Ya Know That Guy"-V/A 7", ...and everything nice(bootleg)

CiTR presents
101.9 FM

SIRE RECORDING
ARTIST AND

THE KING OF RAP ICE



WITH VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
HIS NEW METAL BAND

BODY COUNT

AS SEEN ON THE LOLLAPALOOZA TOUR
plus Rock 'n' Roll with special guests

EYE TO I

THE COMMODORE WEDNESDAY APRIL 8

TWO GREAT SHOWS

**SPECIAL EARLY
UNDERAGE SHOW**

(under 19)

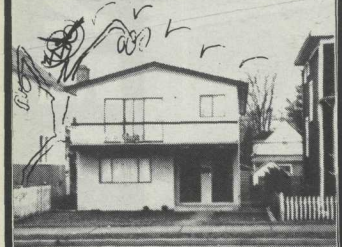
DOORS 4:30PM

**REGULAR SHOW
(19 & over)**

DOORS 8PM

TICKETS: at all TICKETMASTER locations, including lower mainland Eaton's and
Infocentres in major malls CHARGE BY PHONE 280-4444

VANCOUVER SPECIAL



BY CORAL SHORT

Bands are breaking up: Sarcasm! Manequins broke up. Cuts Than Spunky broke up and splinter groups are starting already. No Means No breaking up? Or is this merely another vicious rumour.

Kenneth Scott Cleeb, the nice man from Scratch Records, is my fellow reviewer this month along with his friends El Impacto and Michael Scurvy. You can meet this celebrity at 317 Cambie St. and buy some cool records too.

Superconductor is on tour in support of their Boster released *Heavy with Puppy* E.P. They are touring with Nimrod until San Diego, wherein Superconductor returns and the Rod continues on a full 2 month, North American, 35 show tour to dominate...

Mystery Machine has basically signed with Netwerk—Bean got laid. Go to the Veritable Shrine gig, April 23, and rock with Mystery Machine, Goguy and Flywheel.

On Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell, Veritable Shrine such as Flywheel and TRUK have been ripping the airwaves. Tune in Thursday 10ish for local live bands.

Also there will be a *Disorder* in the summer that is PURELY LOCAL. The entire issue will be devoted to our beautiful local scene! So there's something to look forward to.

On the evening of March 19 I was fortunate enough to catch *Caustic Thought* at the Cruel Elephant. Raging, hardcore heavy metal happened at The Cruel on this night. The band was fully into the tunes that the bands were handing out and lots of long hair flew.

Our Testicles Touch the Ground
One of the guys in this band is Justice's friend, and her sister had a child with a man who is now Justice's roommate, isn't it a small world? Memorable lyrical moments here include: Salmon pussy. Salmon pussy inside out, kinda like kinda like exploding trout. Fast cruise! grumpy's cunt pussy marmice/passes taste tests along side Vast acin' grand pap-py's pap parade, that's one bloody display from one pussy puss up he?

Ca't's Game 7" Single
Box 42054, Van B.C. V6T 6S6 Best stuff this month. Fast, talented, loveable punk rock. Check them out live if at all possible.

Starboys—Reich and Rule
Do the Starboys have homo-erotic fixations or are the "Death to..." listings and assorted goocy, hate smears on the back cover purely rhetorical? In any case, kinda funny the first time. Granted vocals overtop stridently, but the music is good. Doesn't exactly replicate a fine firm burrito. Tired stuff. I guess "Van Spec" can be added to the list of "Fags" wished death upon on their next release, if we're so fortunate.

Stick Monkey
A chick sings, right on! However, after a while it gets repetitive. "How bored can you get," she sings. Pretty goddam bored. The faster songs are better and one would expect more from this band of ex-Curious George members.

Patrick Gilmour—Turning Every Stone
Contact Pat at Disgraceland, 547 Crawford St. Toronto, Ontario M6G 3J9. Good mellow music to listen to, sort of like Bob Dylan or Tom Waits. So tasteful your parents would like it.

Goguy—80's Pipe Dream
Go away guys (say a week!) I will promise to give the complete details of why the band's tape sucks as opposed to the kind of pompous dismissal that I've enclosed here. Whatever.

Caustic Thought
HEAVY METAL, good 'til the difference in native heavy metal, but for son I quite like them. Plane... (B-52's cover) is a totally different sound for the band in the way they incorporate some strange noises. I must say their demo and press... one that I have ever received. For further information contact Clayton Cotingham re: Talent Inc., Gary Taylor Management, Box 48634 Bentall Centre, Van B.C.

Toque—Cruisin' for a Boozin'
Can't go wrong with a name like Toque. Grungy semi-funky shit with terrible guitar solos. But that's just my bias because I don't like guitar, only bass. They are summed up in one word: alterno-metal.

Cuter Than Spunky
This tape does not lend itself to boredom avoidance, though this band is occasionally swell (twofold?) in live situations. The inter-song snippets between two seemingly chugged and/or just fucked up types are by far the most interesting bits here.

Carmen Rogues
Heavy metal Grapes of Wrath. Easy listening music I just can't get inspired to write about. "Shalene" sounds like early 80's pop. We figure that some people could really

Joe. These guys have just released an album on Poplanna and this baby is the single for that rekkid. The A-side is entitled "Love Plumbin'" the B-side "I Was Some But..." For those of you who are not familiar with Stumpy Joe let me tell you they are a band that revolves around substance abuse. Most of the songs are about drinkin', smokin', or fuckin' and these two duties are no different.

Joe rock. Their songs are written by... *finish.* Permet/speed/ thrash/ is how... describe themselves. Vocals sound like Chris Cornell's (of Soundgarden) old stuff, sometimes Glen Danzig (Misfits), and sometimes James Hetfield (Metallica). At times I think I'm almost starting to like them.

Before the Fall—Gothic Basement of the Universe
10107-81 Ave., Edmonton Alberta T6E 1W9 Spoken word part was something new and different. Nice harmonies, nice vocals, generally very nice music. Some songs sound heavily influenced by Pink Floyd.

Thanks to Kenneth Scott Cleeb for helping me with the reviews this month. Dale Sawyer, another local music freak, will be reviewing with me next month. So, keep sending those deems. Have a good month and a Happy Easter.



Are the NoBoys waving goodbyes or...



playing Scrabble?



BY TARA SLOAN

I can't believe it's April already! How time flies! Anyway, here is this month's edition of "Future Rap."

Prince of Darkness is the title of *Big Daddy Kane's* latest. On this fifteen track release it sounds like BDK's hip-hop style has changed dramatically: now plenty of singing and R&B is scattered throughout the tunes. Of course the braggin' and boastin' still appear throughout the CD, as well as Kane's smooth flowin' lyrics. If it weren't for women I don't know what kind of music BDK would do—a lot of his songs are aimed at pleasing the female gender. In "The Lover In You," Prince's "Poplife" is sampled and used as the basic loop for the majority of the song. The message delivered here is toward the fellas, tellin' them to treat the ladies with respect. "We gotta give the women what they need," as A.B. Sure helps out in the background vocals with a soft chorus.

Big Daddy Kane introduces his brother, Little Daddy Shane, in "Brother, Brother" where the two show that unity and peace between

each other is how it should be. The tracks are well produced, the sound crisp and clear with funky rhythms, but the singing sort of ruins the songs. There's a remix of "Raw" named "Raw '91" which is not as good as the original but is still alright.

Q-Tip and a ruffneck named Busta Rhymes appear on "Come On Down." The song that I find quite cool is not by Big Daddy Kane but it's by Mister Cee, his DJ "Dis Get No Credit," lets Mister Cee vent his frustrations. He complains of how he's takin' for granted and how Big Daddy Kane should treat him with more respect, 'cause while Kane's runnin' around havin' all the fun, Mister Cee's bustin' his ass to make everything work! Truth is, Mister Cee sounds really pissed off.

Oh, I almost forgot... the rumour that Big Daddy Kane has AIDS is a lie. He says that it was started in his own neighbourhood; it's just a rumour.

Yol Straight outta Washington State is none other than Sir Mix-A-Lot. This brother has his own set style. The CD's called *Mack Daddy* fresh for 1992! "Baby Got Back" is sure to raise a few eyebrows, and a little controversy. This song is saying that skinny girls with no booty are not in! This man likes big butts, not flat butts! "Swap Meet Louie" is a hilarious tale told about the fake apparel sold at swap meets, and the "No return, no refund" policy!

"No return, no refund" policy! I just have four words to leave you with. "The Boss Is Back!"

Lord Finesse is back on the rap scene with his release *Return of the Funky Man* on Giant Records/Warner Brothers. Horns, symbols, and broken guitar chords (and of course the bassline) help create this Lord's funky atmosphere. One issue dropped deals with the ladies and how after Lord Finesse became well known and recognized as a rapper,

the ones that at first dissed his existence now come runnin' up. Typical... at first ignored him but now are hawkin'! What does the Funky Man have to say to these trippin' females? The answer can be found in "Save That Shit." Get the picture? This lil' shorny kicks the crazy flavour, with raw bass and a lot of bad-assed braggin'. After listening to this CD a buncha times it seems that Lord Finesse has a lot of bitterness and resentment towards a lot of people. This is confirmed in such songs as "Hey Look at Shorty," and "Fuck 'Em." *Return to the Funky Man* seems to tell many true tales of how people act towards others. Sad but true... there's far too many jealous fools out there who lose sight of reality and act a fool. It's a damn shame when there's no reason for such cruelty and stupidity. That's alright, what comes around goes around.

Sir Mix-A-Lot scores as rapper of the month. It's good to see that this bro' from Seattle can really throw down!

Later Man!

CiTRel 101.9 FM SIRENANT Ardova native nightclub

musical form familiar to all and listened to with a
your face and a tap on your toes...speaking of
smiling to a pipspeep w/ **wed apr 1 THE SWEATERS** w/ pop tunesmiths
THE SLIPHOODS w/ victor's love females **THE VINAGRETTES**. they're
quitting their jobs for this one, so show 'em a big welcome to their first
vancouver show!...not the first show for a truly amazing band on **thurs**
apr 2 amphetamine reprieve recording artists from minneapolis **THE**
COWS noisescreamed...oh man, i can taste it! w/ also way cool
form minneapolis **HAMMERHEAD**. like those bitterweed candy with the
salty coating that really do taste good to the point of addiction, if you
know what i mean **fr sat apr 3** i love victor! **THE HANSON BROTHERS**, kind
of namecremation but its hanson's at the way really, you know the
weight brothers and everything, even from the s.b.g.'s w/ **THE**
SHOW BUSINESS GIANTS that's right, the nameashowbiznessvehicle
w/ victor's **FRANKS** **sat apr 4 BOB'S YOUR UNCLE** that's right, this time
for real w/ way better than real surgery, and mean way better. **THE**
WINGNUTS **thurs apr 7** **THE DISCO** no cover, cheap original vinyl original
stars! **wed apr 8** whoa, sup pop recording artists from south o' the
border **SEAWEED** w/ and from even further south **AMINIATURE** from san
diego w/ from about as far south as you can get, **BUNTI** from darkest
lands **thurs apr 9** back with a vengeance, stronger than ever and
playing better than ever is **JACK FEELS FINE** w/ really cool rock from
calgary **RAMADA GODS** w/ more really cool rock from cowtown (did
i mention **THE COWS** are playing on the 2nd?) **DED SOULS** **fri apr 10** yes
these M.D.C. better get here early for this one, there's a lot more on
hand w/ even more reason to be good and early **DELICIOUS MIND**
GARDEN w/ heyday recording artists from san fran **SARNOS** **sat apr 11**
a widely held view by those in the know, say that these kids are the best
new band on the east coast USA from minneapolis, a bomb recording
artists **JONESTOWN** w/ also from the big m, **TRENCH MOUTH** **thurs 14**
DISCO ORIGINAL VINYL ORIGINAL STARS!! **wed 15** local rock explosion
ELVIS LOVE CHILD w/ **THE BOMBHELLS** w/ **SHORT LEASH** **thurs 16** yip just
the good of elephant putting on great show after great show just dig
the form **THE AKAUAS** w/ **THE PASTIES** w/ **CATS GAME** now, now
if that isn't good enough, like it's possible to satisfy all of you kooky
concert-goers, this is downright insane!...hey, i did book g.g. allin (sorry,
he got arrested...some sort of arino hall curse or something, pooping
all the time in inappropriate places...who knows) but here goes, **fr 17**
all the way from japan, it's scratch recording artists **NIMROD** and
featuring **MAYUKO HINO** the famous japanese s&m porn queen w/
bones/scratch recording artists **SUPERCONDUCTOR** w/ **HO** **sat 18** local
rock masters **DEAD SUBV KIDS** w/ **OLYMPUS** records presents punk rock
upside your head **ZIPGUN** w/ sanfran's two car garage recording
artists, definitely not to be missed **THE MICEES** **thurs 21** **DISCO STILL**
CHEAP **wed 22** alright, yeah...from victor's the totally cool! **MICKY**
CHRIST w/ three local bands you may not be too familiar with, but the
cruel elephant loves you, so get here early for a full evening of quality
rock, man **GREY SKIES** w/ **STICK MONKEY** w/ **WICKED SWIMMING DOG**
thurs 23 weird, it came from the traser valley, i mean, cept for a bunch
of diseased farmers drinking that funny water and oil that has gone
and done funny things to the normally complacent youth of the
area...see, they got together, formed veritable shrine productions and
rocked out! **MYSTERY MACHINE** w/ **GO GUY** w/ **FLYWEED**, three of the
valley's finest and i don't think they're going to go away, speaking of
not going away **fr 24** nowhere recording artists **THE SMUGGLERS** w/
available on the amazing new compilation from the human serviette
himself **THE HANDS** w/ victor's reigning pop kings **B.U.M.** **sat 25**
the much anticipated return of c.j. recording artists from seattle
HAMMERBOX w/ a couple of really great seattle bands **BMJ** w/ **BONE**
CELLER **thurs 28** **DISCOLA**, man, no cover ever! **wed 29** from seattle
SILKWORM w/ aberquerque **N.M.TREADMILL** w/ from san fran **YOUNG**
TURKS **thurs 30** **COAST 1040** and **MUSIC WEST** presents **ROOTS ROUND-**
UP w/ **THE SMOKIN' RHYTHM PEASANTS** w/ **INGOMA** w/ **JET**, this is a pro-
moted with the whole conception in mind, like **fr** **HITTING BIRTH-**
CATHERINE WHEEL-MAN-FA-CEPULF, **sat** is the **IMAGINEERS-SHOW**
BUSINESS GIANTS-WINING, DINING & DRILLING-CANE TOADS at pre-
sented by **COAST 1040** and **MUSIC WEST**...newspaper to have you know you
here's a few may shows to make your mouth water. **COP SHOOT COP**,
GREEN DAY, **HELIOS CREED**, **UNSAFE**, **KING CARCASS**, **THE MUFFS**,
OUTLAWIN, **THE DETONATORS**, **JAWBREAKER**, **ZIPGUN**, **D.C. BEGGARS**
and more stuff, but enough about us...how are you? you want all be
feeling better now that summer is almost here 'cause you know with no
ozone, it's going to be one dry hot one...the cruel elephant does love
you enough for air conditioning, so not to worry, i mean really, the cruel
elephant does love you all of if you...even people we hate you know
who you are and we all love you...that's just the way it is, amen.

great bands, pool tables, videos, pinball...what the fuck else do you want???

Open Tues.-Sat., 8pm-2am

23 W CORDOVA

Info Line - 688-5351

And remember: the cruel elephant loves you. All of you.



2ND SKIN

SALE

432 HOMER
683-7607

THE BOOK & COMIC EMPORIUM

VANCOUVER'S
LARGEST SELECTION
OF ALMOST NEW AND USED
PAPERBACKS AND
MAGAZINE BACK ISSUES

LARGE RANGE OF
HARD COVER BOOKS

THOUSANDS OF NEW AND
COLLECTOR'S COMICS

WE BUY, SELL OR TRADE

1247 Granville near Davie
682-3019

3347 Kingsway
430-3003

Open 7 Days a Week



FLYING WEDGE
PIZZA CO.

Now serving coffee and salads too.
1175 Robson 1937 Cornwall

BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Good day, children of Vancouver! My name is Grant and I am still writing the 7" column. Let me start off this month with a recent, and sad, experience of mine.

A couple of days ago I was putting up posters for a rock show. As most of you who are in bands know, posterizing is extremely competitive and I, for one, count on stores putting posters up in windows where ass-hole bands can't get them. I walked into a bookstore who has been putting up our posters for years and kindly asked the guy to put up the poster. He hesitated he took it and looked it over. "What kind of music is it?" he asked. "Rock and roll," I replied. He handed back the poster and said "Sorry, we aren't putting those up anymore. Anything but rock and roll." Disgusted and shocked I said to him "I never thought that I would hear the day someone said I was 'anything but rock and roll.'"

Then he lashed back "Rock and roll stopped being progressive years ago." I lost my temper and screamed, "Because of square assholes like you!" Then he told me to get out. I fingered him and left. The book store is on the NE corner of Pender and Richards.

The first thing under review is a punch to that fuck-head's nuts. They just released a two song diamond on Lance Rock records of Vancouver and they are **(Victor)** Bum are the best group I have heard and seen in

ages. Live they put on an incredible show and what a toaster this new single is. The music is straight ahead baskin', smashin', power-poppin', punkin' rock and roll with audible influences ranging from Bad Religion to the Kingpins, with a bit of Alice Cooper and the Ramones thrown in. This is a great slab of vinyl from a fantastic new band. Bands like Bum not only push the bounds of rock and roll ahead, they



steamroll right over the top of the idiotic and naive "rock and roll is dead" mentality.

YAHOOO! A local release! Last month I was bitching about no local releases on vinyl and, voila, a local single by one of Vancouver's best: **Ca's Game**, released on CSFU's Three Minute Mike Records. This was TMM's second release (the first was Dint in 1990) and I salute them for continuing the label, especially with such a great, original band as Ca's

Game. Though very cheaply made and very limited (only 300 copies), this chunk still delivers the goods first class. The recordings are not stellar but the songs rock. Pure hardcore with airs of humour, discontent and out and out rage. The two songs are both good as the B-side "Home Sweet Home" being my fave of the two. It blazes. Congratulations Ca's Game on your first vinyl release. Stick to it and make us proud.

Just in from Eastern Canada is a new 7" from Toronto's legendary **Ten Commandments**. These guys have been around for a long, long time and have been consistently over-looked, yet have maintained a constant stream of vinyl releases for almost a decade. The latest is an extremely limited (200 copies of this vinyl) release of a couple of power pop rockers. The A-side, "Revolution Man" is a really great song reminding me of a Soft Boys meets a paced down Buzzcocks type of sound. The B-side, "Dark Angel" is a brooding rock reminder of another great Canadian band Color Me Psycho. Keep it up Ten Commandments.

Speaking of Robyn Hitchcock, I ran across a really cool single by a band I really know nothing about. The single "Gim" b/w R. Hitchcock's "I Wanna Destroy You" is a group called **Uncle Tupelo**. It's a great find, both songs are really amazing angst-fueled-by-emotion rocking songs. "I Wanna Destroy You" is my favourite song of the month. The record is on the Rockville label and I will certainly be looking for more Uncle Tupelo soon.

And now for another installment of "Portland Now!" What's going on down there? More bands, more great singles! This month I was fortunate enough to find two releases on IMP Records. The first is Jack-kale's "Stuck Up Art Bitch" b/w "Flat Top Fuckin'". Yes, it's certainly a very sexist title project but being one to wantonly overlook sexism I thoroughly enjoyed this record. It's poorly recorded but that's OK, the songs are slam bang dirty rock and roll numbers vibrating on psychobilly. "Stuck Up Art Bitch" is great. I'm glad somebody finally yelled that out, even if it is a girl singer.

The other new IMP release is from **Oswald 5-0**, yet another great Oregonian band. If I'm not mistaken these folks are from Eugene, and

man, that town should be proud of the Oswalds. The single, "Eraser" b/w "Ecstasy Flats" is a very hep 7". Both songs are way cool punk rock filled with hooks and choruses that I'm really starting to love. I wasn't expecting to like either of these so it was a nice surprise.

And of course no 7" column would be complete without a review of a release from the greatest single label around, **Sympathy For the Music Industry**. This month they released a true treasure: **A Mummies/Wolfmen** double 7" pack; complete with an eight page colour



comic book and full colour cover by surf maniac-artist, Coop! Whew! It is a fantastic example of pure 7" enjoyment (vinyl enjoyment this...). Besides the great cover and awe-inspiring comic book, The Mummies rip it up—punk rock a la '66 via the classics "Land of 1000 dances" and "Victim Of Circumstances." It's pretty stupid these guys broke up for they simply cut out some of the most rockin' music around. Look for a compilation LP of all their stuff on Estrus. The Wolfmen I had never heard of until this single, and though not as good as the Mummies, in any regard they still shake it up with the fervent, rockability, 50's trash style of songs "Insane in an Insane World" and "I Don't Want No One." Neato Shit.

And while we're on the topic of shit, let's take a gander Seattle ways and see what's new with Sub Pop. One recent release was a split single featuring two east coast US bands, **Tsunami** and **Velocity Girl**. Both these bands are along the lines of the K/Best Happening "crash pop" stylings. In the summer I saw Tsunami at the International Pop Underground Convention and thought of them live much the same as I do of this record: mushy and undefined. It can be compared to the whole Teenage Fanclub /Don Fleming "soft n' fuzzy" feel

but on this platter it just doesn't cut it. Velocity Girl sound so much like Tsunami I could hardly tell the difference! Quite a bubble gum naive cover but over all a boring record.

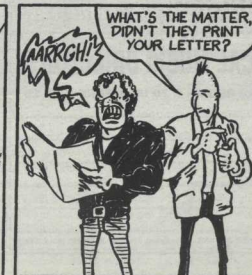
The Monkeywrench, on the other hand, is something very different. When I first heard this record I hated it. I was so excited when I bought it, expecting to hear some wild rave-up garage and punk rock, seeing as it featured some of Seattle's true markmen of garage and punk rock—Mudhoney's Mark Arm and Steve Turner, and Gashaffer's Tom Price. But when I played the record what I got was some fucked up bluesy shit. Disgusted, I ripped the single off the turntable and chucked it in a corner. Weeks later, in fact yesterday, I was listening to CTR while driving and heard this real cool slide guitar tune. Then to my surprise I realized it was "Bot-tled Up and Go," the A-side of the Monkeywrench single. "Was this the same single," I asked myself in disbelief...? Nonetheless, when I got home I brushed the dead flies and dog hair off the single and let her fly once again. Whaddya know, I loved it! Crazy, warped bluesy stuff. Great guitars, from the slide stuff on "Bot-tled Up and Go" to the surf-punk on "Out of Focus" this is a damn fine little record. I guess I was just expecting what would be predictable from these guys and when I got something different I rejected it. Aren't I a fool? This single was a prelude to the bands' full LP, **Clean as a Broom**. Dick Dog which will be purchasing at the first possible opportunity.

And for my last selection this month I have chosen yet another Seattle band, **Stumpy**. Find the following local bands in the jumble below! **GORILLA GORILLA** * **WINDWALKER** * **INDICES** * **SPARKMARKER** * **ROOTS ROUNDUP** * **JEP** * **SMUGGLERS** * **CATHERINE** * **WHEEL** * **SARCASTIC** * **MANNQUINS** * **LUNG** * **WINGNUTS** * **TWERDCONES** * **UNEVENSTEP** * **FACIPULLER** * **STOATERS**... have fun!

F E J W Q A C I P A E A I G F L S
M U Z I F P U D N U O R S T O O R H
K N M C R E K L A W D N I W E S C
G E T T I L O L W H L H J D T A R B
O V L Z D G P M R R N Z A E F H S
R E V Q T X K C K X A Q B T B N S
I N E R O V F G P V T K P A C M I
L S C W V C E J T X S B N Y O Z U D
L T Y K E A R T L S R N G O I M N Q
A E P L Q I N D E S C I V E S E E E
G P Z E C U L W K O D O H F L D A N
O S U W E B Y L A J C A X J K N Z N
R B T S K A P Y N Z L S R X M V H A
I J P W Q V K V C S B U E I W L M
L B R E D L P S R T C N L B E J E C
L G U N Z R S U M H U G L E R S T I
A X I S A Q Y J N R K U P S V T
O W B R F P I M Q U D T P P R X S
F K T E A B C D E N C O E G Q N K A
S F K H M M T V I J U C H D S V C
Z P Q T R X E J E T S A B A V O R E
S B R A E O T X X Q P G V D F T L A
G R C F W C R E K R A M K R A P S

Joe. These guys have just released an album on Poplarna and this baby is the single for that rekkid. The A-side is entitled "Love Plumbin'", the B-side "I Want Some Bud." For those of you who are not familiar with Stumpy Joe let me tell you they are a band that revolves around substance abuse. Most of the songs are about drinking, smokin', or fuckin' and these two ditties are no different. Stumpy Joe rock. Their songs are hard-driving anthems that drive with their way from start to finish. Personally, I preferred their first single on Estrus to this one. Though still great this single doesn't quite reach the height of excellence the first achieved. Also, I really hate drugs so I couldn't get into "I Want Some Bud" too much, even if it is built around a Sonics' riff.

So that's that. Thanks for reading this far and I hope I'm doing an OK job at this. CTR gets tons of singles each month and of course I can only review so many. If you want your single reviewed here for sure send it to CTR/Disorder with my name, Grant Lawrence, on it and I'll be sure to write something about it. KEEP THOSE LOCAL RECORDS COMING!! (Note: last month I said Zipgun were "really fine PUNK" no fuck! That was a typo error! I HATE FUNK!!) (Sorry, Grant. Good thing we didn't print junk. Ed.)



Way Cool Clothing



And Snowboards



2951 W 4th Ave
739-9791

HOLY SHIT! IT'S ANOTHER AMAZING GIMMICK, SO

LISTEN UP!

Yahoo, bubbalooey...we are presently planning to publish the Discorder Local Music Directory in the July '92 issue. If you are a local band, performer, promoter, distributor, producer, studio or record label, please fill out the form below and mail it to: **Discorder Directory** c/o Discorder Magazine #233-6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1 or fax us at 822-9019

DEADLINE FOR DIRECTORY ENTRIES IS JUNE 15, 1992 AND NO LATER, PALI

DISORDER LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

PLEASE FILL OUT THIS FORM LEGIBLY AND RETURN IT TO US BEFORE JUNE 15

NAME.....
DESCRIPTION (15 words or less).....
CONTACT.....
ADDRESS.....
PHONE/FAX.....

ONCE AGAIN, OUR ADDRESS IS: DISORDER DIRECTORY c/o DISORDER MAGAZINE #233-6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z1 FAX: 822-9019

STUDENTS - WELCOME TO



DOWNTOWN • 919 GRANVILLE

681-1732

VANCOUVER'S BEST SHOW VALUE!

GREAT TRIPLE FEATURES! SEE 3 FILMS FOR ONLY \$2.50!

ENJOY THE BEST IN MOVIE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE LOWEST TICKET PRICE IN TOWN

VANCOUVER'S ORIGINAL DISCOUNT THEATRE AND STILL THE BEST!

ALL
SEATS



ALL
DAY

WE WANT TO MAKE THE PARADISE YOUR FAVOURITE THEATRE

24 HR. SHOW INFO: 681-1732

Slice of Gourmet

50¢ off
ANY PIZZA SLICE
with this coupon

TRY A SLICE OF...

CHICKEN GORDON BLUE
-CREAM SAUCE, MUSHROOMS,
CHICKEN BREAST, SMOKED HAM

OPEN DAILY NOON-LATE 1152 DENMAN (at Pendrell) 689-1112

T-SHIRTS OF THIS AD, 100% COTTON, XL, BLACK OR WHITE.

Good news praise him halleluliah good news praise him halleluliah GOOD NEWS!!!

FREE SNOT OF JESUS

BOOGERS OF OUR LORD & MESSIAH

SCIENTIFIC FACT!

JESUS

"CHRIST"

SCIENCE PROVEN!

SEND FIVE DOLLAR LOVE GIFT TO

INTERNATIONAL SECULAR ATAVISM

IN CANADA: P.O. BOX 1776 STN."A" VANCOUVER, B.C. V6C-2P7

IN U.S.A.: P.O. BOX 69243, PORTLAND, OREGON, 97201



BIBLICAL PROOF!

LORD OF

LORDS!

SCRIPTURAL PROOF!

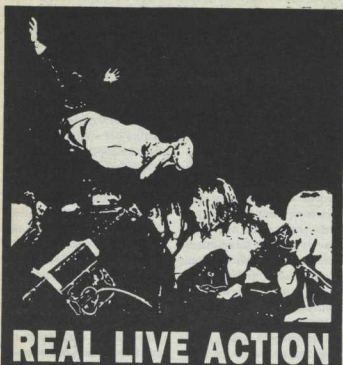


SCIENTIFIC FACT! SCIEN-TERRIFIC FACT!! SCIENCE PROVEN!

OR AT ZULU, TRACK, OR SCRATCH - ALSO! TAPES \$5.00!

FOR FREE STICKERS OF THIS AD SEND A S.A.S.E.

SEND \$12 TO INTERNATIONAL SECULAR ATAVISM



Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians
86 Street Music Hall
Friday 21 February

Okay, okay, I can come out of the musical closet and freely admit that I have a liking for wimpy British pop bands, and Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians have to be one of my faves.

I have actually caught him before at a solo performance at the illustrious Tom Lee Music Hall, and found him to be extremely quirky as he tells the most surreal tall tales you'll hear, guaranteed. So, I was quite interested to see how he performed with the Egyptians, and he rocked... Well, maybe he rocked isn't the right term for Robyn Hitchcock but the Egyptians certainly were tight.

The emphasis was on tunes from their latest, *Perspex Island*. Hitchcock kept the between song patter to a minimum and instead concentrated on his music. Music that is undeniably pop, but in the best sense of the word—full of unexpected shifts and, of course, the well known wacky lyrics. The melancholy feel of "Glass Hotel" gave me goose bumps and it was cool to hear "Clean Steve" on piano. I still like Robyn Hitchcock even if he didn't do "Madonna of the Wasps."

June Scudeler

Superconductor Sludge
Cats and Dogs
Tuesday 25 February
Club Soda

Seattle's Cats and Dogs opened the night boasting that they were the "next big thing" on the Seattle scene, but hey, talk is cheap. All I heard was a lot of generic rock fronted by a Sebastian Bach-lookalike screamer. Take a number, boys.

Thankfully, the pride of

Port Coquitlam, Sludge, lifted my spirits—yet not without some struggle. This was the first time I had seen Sludge live and it was hard for me to believe that they had a generous following behind them. Y'see, their Melvins-y grind was endurable at times but after a while I felt like I had fallen into a huge vat of Aunt Jemima syrup. Maybe with a bit more practice and creativity Sludge could become the shining stars of tomorrow. However, if you like them now, you can find them two locally released cassettes at finer record stores everywhere.

From the opening chords of "Most Popular Man In The World," it became apparent that Superconductor were out to dump the relatively despondent crowd on its collective butt with sheer heaviness and volume. Past shows have seen "Conductor erupt as an undefinable barrage of noise but with Club Soda's sound this was by far the most controlled mess I'd ever heard. As well as great sound, Club Soda boasts a stage that can actually contain these rambunctious and young riff-lords, with one lucky member getting half the stage all to himself. [As well as "Most Popular..." other highlights of Superconductor's bone-crushing set included "Flash," "Murderlizer," "Despair," a classic cover of E.L.O.'s "Do Ya," and an ultra-heavy version of Donovan's "Colors" (which will appear on an upcoming Donovan covers compilation on Nettwerk Records).

Just when I thought it was over and I had lost my breath due to lengthy screams of approval, they blew the roof off of the joint with a tune known only as "Riff." The stage became host to hurling

bodies, massive feedback, and otherwise complete mayhem. After the smoke cleared and the feedback stopped I thrust my fist in the air and worshipped the new kings of noise-rock...they are Superconductor. So if you're thinking of buying that new Nirvana bootleg album, save your money chump and get the debut CD of Superconductor's *Heavy with Puppy* on Boner Records instead. You and your pals won't be sorry.

Bryce Dunn

Club Soda Farewell Show
20 Bands
Thursday 27 February
Is it mere coincidence that club regulars Motley Club collapsed the same week Club Poser died? Hmm. Two days after Superconductor did the wallbreakingly cool Soda show, twenty bands played in one night. The place was sardine packed, needless to say.

Until about 12:30, there were too many bands I had never seen and none stuck out except Joker's Wild (I think they stole Tomcat's singer). They were okay, and garage thrashband Decadence were less crappy than in the past as well three-piece, In the Flesh were passable which was surprising since their guitarist has a hit on him for indiscretions with the spouse of a prominent gangland figure.

Skids N Rowses fakers, Nemesis Gypsy were memorable only in the fact that they had their name on the drum head and that a Nardwuar lookalike plays for them. Unfortunately, next up was Piss Piss n Wank, whose accurate rep for pompous pretension and boredom precedes them.

Finally, well respected moshmakers Caustic Thought were on. Caustic Thought are extremely enjoyable for their straight ahead power and choosing not to over rush or overclutter their thrash metal vigor.

Next was the growlingly popular Vertical After (notorious for rushing and clattering) who sent the crowd wild with one heavy original and a riproaring cover of "Ace of Spades." It had reached two AM with one band left to play; then creative, new, three piece Grey Skies finished the night with some tasty tunes until the lights came on and the plug was pulled. THE END.

Rob Daniels

Soundgarden
The Melvins
The Commodore Ballroom
Wednesday 4 March

Whoa Mom it's The Melvins. A couple of years ago, The Melvins printed up a few thousand tour shirts that said "Louder than Soundgarden" and then sold them to their rockstar friends. That's why you see L7 wearing them in every photo ever taken and Dave Novosel, bassist for Nirvana, sporting it for the nation on *Saturday Night Live*. Believe me, this did/does not harm their career; nor does having the opening spot for Soundgarden on a few local region gigs.

Louder than Soundgarden they were and increasingly hypnotic was their drink. Like listening to Helmet on Ritalin covering Godflesh, with the looming danger that the stacks behind them are kegs of dynamite ready to explode on a whim. They play with the quirky syncopation of a symphony orchestra under rigor-

ing board and viola, but few can have total control of that wattage and use it like an instrument.

This is where Soundgarden failed. Yeah, they were "louder than fuck," but Soundgarden could use a little schooling on the simple formula that overly loud = distortion. In all honesty, this is the first gig that I've seen at the Commodore Ballroom where the sound was so inaudible you were left guessing at what song they were playing. Kind of reminded me of a Test Dept show.

Well, if that wasn't enough I had to deal with drunk and disorderly Surrey refugees wearing Danzig t-shirts and slobbering "Have they played 'Jesus Christ Pose' yet?" Pathectic. I can only thank Perry-scope productions graciously for not advertising the gig because the Surrey populace would have been in full force if they had.

From the beginning the crowd was frantic and pitched

fair city a visit on a bill that sported Voivod and Faith No More.

About halfway through their performance Kim Thayil (guitar) and Ben Shepherd (bass) left the stage to Chris and Matt (drums) for a somewhat solo (read lame) rendition of the (used to be) favorite song from *Badmotorfinger*, "Mind Riot." Granted Chris has amazing vocal talents, he's a hack when it comes to playing the guitar. Fortunately, for us all, he only took to the 6 string beast a few times during the concert and let the musicians in the band do the job for which they were getting paid.

After a trip through Soundgarden's buffet—including a lesson in crowd control from my co-host's girlfriend (a petite and genteel 5' stick of dynamite who was throwing around guys 3X her mass), the band played their respects to fellow Seattleites Pearl Jam with an "Alive"/"Incessant Mace" medley and left the stage.

We couldn't ask for more, they gave us everything they had, except for maybe a few tickets to the sold out shows at Seattle's Paramount.

Scooter

Dan of Die Kreuzen by Kai Korinth

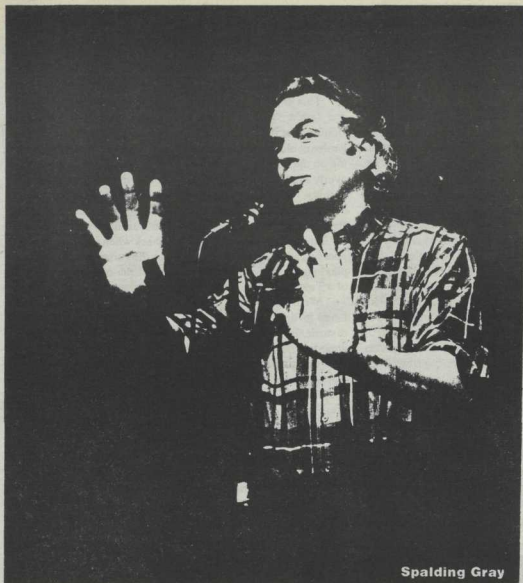


Die Kreuzen
Caustic Thought
Town Pump
Friday 6 March

Only two nights after the horrendous affair of having to deal with Surrey Soundgarden fans came the unfortunate dealings at the Die Kreuzen Benefit For Back-Ass Suburban (insert your favorite suburb): Delta, Surrey... Fucks. Well, it should have been a benefit 'cuz hopefully they could have raised enough money to build a huge moat, or erect a 70 foot electric fence, or something, to keep these narrow-minded shits from infesting Vancouver again. I'm sure you're more than familiar with the people I'm talking about; the ones so ignorantly narrow-minded you can hear a distinct whistle from between their ears when the wind picks up. The ones who dismiss anything that doesn't sound like All or Dead Kennedys as not being "hard-core."

Well, Die Kreuzen don't sound like All and they don't

themselves into the Chris Cornell shrine as Chris Cornell pitched himself into the grunge-hungry crowd during "Search in With My Good Eye Closed." Followed up with "Loud Love" from their same-titled first A & M release the band seemed to be at home despite the lengthy hiatus since they last played our



Spalding Gray

sound like Dead Kennedys; they don't sound like anybody. They sound like Die Kreuzen. Die Kreuzen are a prototype.

For well over 10 years this Milwaukee foursome have been spinning their own illustrious web of "prog-core" which goes way beyond the innovative likes of...um? The whole scene is so homogenized right now that it's impossible to compare Die Kreuzen to anybody else. What they're doing is so different from the mainstream of alternative that we have to put up with people like the demi-skater, poseur hardcore boy, There's one at every show isn't there?

To elaborate a little, some people don't like it because they don't understand it; a common trend.

For the few, but appreciative, Die Kreuzen fans in attendance the show was a steady stream of atmospheric entrapments. Dan, with his unique and piercing vocal attributes, led all believers into a euphoric haven while Eric, Keith and Brian—the other Die Kreuzen disciples—wrestled for a piece of our faith. The band came bearing gifts including old gems such as "Counting Cracks," "Man In The Trees" and "Elizabeth," plus the new Commandments of *Cement*. With the inclusion of the bliss-

ful "Gone Away" and an encore of Wire's "Pink Flag" (which they've released on 7" b/w a cover of the Germs' "Big Bad Days"), Die Kreuzen drenched us in the fruits of a mutual labour.

I guess you could say that seeing Die Kreuzen live is a religious experience; hopefully the few non-believers have seen the light and can choose to pray to the newly-baptized prog-core God!

Scotter

Nitzer Ebb
The Commodore Ballroom
Saturday 7 March

Having heard a bit of their latest, *Ebbhead*, I was worried that Nitzer Ebb was going to be a Depeche Mode clone. Thankfully, I needn't have worried.

They certainly sounded a lot harder than I expected, even though my friend cynically noticed that the percussionist's hitting of his drum didn't always match the music. But when a band plays for almost two hours you can't really complain too loudly.

Like at Front 242, but even more so, the crowd acted like they were in the presence of a hardcore band and not a wimpy electronic band. Even yours truly, who unwisely wore dinky little runners, got into the fray and got some righteous bruises.

Most people were too busy having fun to really notice that the band were high-energy, but nothing spectacular. The middle part of the show did grab a tad, as they played newer, unfamiliar stuff, but they did all the songs that people in the audience were expecting to hear: "Lightning Man," "Control I'm Here," and "Fun To Be Had." Tons o' fun was had.

June Scudeler

Mr. Bungle
Grotus
86 Street Music Hall
Saturday 14 March

Hopefully (for your sake) you're reading this as a reminder of what a great time you had on Saturday and not because you didn't see the show. But, for all you fools who were silly enough to stay home, wash your llama, make long distance calls to spuzzum etc., then you should jump into that whirlpool of regret right about now.

San Franciscans Grotus utilized a fashionable red theme in their ensemble and pummeled those attending with hypnotic images displayed upon a TV. Grotus came across as very authentic and, via chats with members Bruce and Adam, I learned that they were extremely appreciative of this touring opportunity. Although I'd prepared them for an un-

enthused audience, Grotus lured people with their warped yet accessible sound. As far as I'm concerned, any band that can make the theme song of *Entertainment Tonight* part of their set will always get kudos from me.

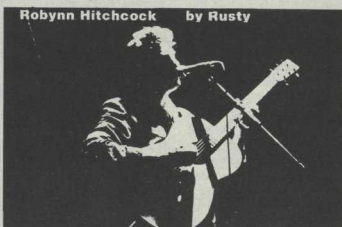
T'was nuthin' but Bungle fever once Grotus had done their damage. Perhaps half the people there just wanted to see Mike Patton, of Faith No More fame, in the flesh. This was the first night of the tour. In fact, it was Mr. Bungle's first tour ever. Yet the show wasn't just hormones running amuck or mere attempts at weirdness. Mike's voice was in impeccable form considering the entire band played the entire show in a wide variety of seemingly suffocating masks.

Mr. Bungle impeccably recreated songs off their album with lots of new twists, time changes etc. and stage divers were in an annoying abundance. Yet our heroic singer took joy in using them as objects of innocent abuse—one lucky sucker got his head used as a makeshift drum pedal. Mike's climbing of the raunchy, oversized guitar beside the stage was regarded with pleasure as feet and various other appendages thrashed in a sea of euphoria. Mr. Bungle succeeded in bringing 86 Street to it's feet and raising eyebrows in poetic confusion. Isn't it nice to know that there are people out there just as twisted as you?

Emma

Monomen
American Soul Spiders
Super Snazz
Bellingham Bay Brewing Co.

Saturday 14 March
What better way to celebrate



my inaugural visit to the 3-B then with the two opening acts coming all the way from Japan for the event. Actually, it was more coincidence that Super-Snazz and American Soul Spiders were present on the first opportunity that I, and my recently turned 21 year old girl-

friend, had to walk the couple of blocks to the already legendary Northwest venue. In the short year that this club has been open it's played host to an assortment of largely reknown independent bands and, on the night in mention, to the first wave of the coming (I'm officially predicting this) Japanese invasion.

The invasion has been looming on the horizon, just past the setting sun, for quite awhile now but since the just-add-water success of Nirvana the ears of North America have been readied for the mutant take on American music by our friends across the big blue. Nirvana plays into this simply by being the international promoters for Shonen Knife. It's in vogue right now to be influenced by Shonen Knife (as witnessed by the diverse amount of talent on last year's *Every Band Has A Shonen Knife Who Loves Them* tribute) as it is to be listening to Nirvana and thankfully Super Snazz and A.S.S. sound nothing like Shonen Knife. The world has heard enough from The Andrews Sisters, thanks.

But I digress.

If you are not a regular to the Bellingham Bay Brewing Co. then you are sadly missing out—as I have for the past year! The 3-B has the decor of a struggling art students loft and the feel/buzz of the Old Cruel Elephant. Although a stranger to the place I felt as though I had been there numerous times before, and I felt comfortable in the place, not intimidated; like in so many Vancouver clubs with people and their cliques in attendance to better one another. With the winning combination of alternative-oriented

stage was Super Snazz. These are four women who can kick the ass, pull the hair and scratch the eyes out of Hole, Dickless, Babes In Toyland and L7 all at once. On top of that they were attractive, unlike the above mentioned bands—with the exception of Kat from Babes. But beauty does not a band make and although the lead singer won a few patriotic hearts by donning a lycra, American flag skirt their music and love for it could have carried them alone. Super Snazz are best summed up as a cross between Sonic Youth and The Gruesomes, and are simply the best, much needed, twist on the foxcore scheme of things to come along. Their set was full of ladies who definitely enjoy their work and saw it as fun and not the burden that so many bands make it out to be today as they seek a major label deal.

The American Soul Spiders, who followed, were the make equivalent to Super Snazz but played with the testosterone frenzy that Super Snazz could not match (but believe me those ladies sure did try!). The first visual comparison was how the guitar player looked, uncannily, like Marky Ramone: skinny, hairdo, same playing technique. I actually had to get a closer look at the fellow to prove myself wrong.

The second visual comparison was how much the vocalist looked like Axl Rose—but don't hold that against him. A.S.S. strayed far, but not too far, away from the metal pigeonhole they could so easily have been lumped into with customized versions of "Satisfaction," "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and a G.G. Allin tune. I say customized version because A.S.S. seems to be a band who have been weened on American rock circa Stooges and MC5. Now take those influences and throw in the obvious hindrance of not being raised in North America where the tunes of the aforementioned were readily available, add the timid nature of The Japanese and you have the music that Iggy and The Stooges would be playing today were they still around.

If disco, why not pre-punk Detroit metal?

Ah, but all good things come to an end and this was the case when Bellingham's own Monomen took to the stage. I wouldn't hate these guys if the large guitarist didn't have so much of a Rock-God attitude: "Can I get more sustain on the guitar?" I left. Come to think of it, I would still hate them.

Paul T. Brooks

**Spalding Gray
Vancouver East Cultural
Centre**

**March 17 - 22
opening night**

It was the best Saint Patrick's Day ever! Well, aside from second grade when I wore all green from head-to-toe and felt total little-kid-bliss.

Spalding Gray began his six night run at the Culch with a brief intro blending into a soliloquy on movie mecca El-Lay, Therapy, Nicaragua, the Moscow film festival, his mother's suicide, Existentialism vs Christian Science (which is better), how to sneak drinks, AIDS and much more. The man just did not let up. The "show" is all true; Spalding gets inspiration from his daily observations. *The Monster in a Box* is the book which Gray was commissioned to write and almost never finished; finally at 1800+ pages the book is ready for, um, editing.

This was performance art at it's best. For 90 minutes Spalding addressed us as one with his rambling "New England" accent not often heard in these parts. He sat at a

wooden desk with the microphone, a glass of water and the "Monster." His words were hilarious and at times disturbing (his mother/son relationship was rather dysfunctional, shall we say). If you missed the show you can catch the movie which features music by Laurie Anderson, coming this summer. The monologue is also available in paperback...funny, if it were anyone else this would all seem so "commercial" (ie. see, read, buy) but it doesn't at all.

In terms of celebrity, Spalding is not a capital "C" and can therefore appreciate seeing the movie star pecking order in full swing as recounted in his memoirs of his trip to Moscow with Matt Dillon, Richard Gere, et al for a film fest (he was there showing his *Swimming to Cambodia*). And how about the time the suicide hotline folks suggested counselling after an interview to help answer calls? Or when he was hit with an AIDS scare (he had fallen for, in his words, a "stage-door-judy" when his girlfriend developed an unrelated rash. Part of the fun of

seeing Spalding comes from his neuroses, which though not exactly exploited for his art, are not kept hidden either. Really, he's a lot like you and me...if we had the nerve.

Judith Beeman

**The Cramps
Dash Rip Rock
Commodore Ballroom
Wednesday 18 March**

Lux Interior isn't circumsized. That's a review in itself, but we'll talk about Lux's dick later. First, the show.

Dash Rip Rock opened for the Cramps. If I'd downed a mickey of Jack Daniels on the way to the Commodore, perhaps these guys would have come off a little better. I'm straight-edge, so I didn't. As a result, the Rip Rockers struck me as an energetic southern rock band with Lynryd Skynyrd influences and Beat Farmer aspirations who do the worst on-stage comedy routines since Rich Little. Pretty fun musically, but that schtick was painful. I winced.

I winced at the Cramps too, but like I said, we'll talk about Lux's dick later.

The Cramps, on this particular night, were just the Cramps and that was good enough. They had their look down pat: a bassist who couldn't beat a pencil in a body building contest and was good for a rousing game of guess the gender (it was a man for those who waned); a Gene Vincent ripoff who kept smoking two cigarettes at once behind the drum kit; Poison Ivy belting out antiquated licks from her great big Gretsch and looking like she belonged in a wax museum, and Lux smashing mic stands and sweating profusely while lending substance to the rumour that he and Iggy Pop are the same person.

And boy did that look drive the crowd into a frenzy. It's weird how those accountant-by-day types are the first to surprise you with their rabid dedication to a band like the Cramps. Yeah, the crowd really got into this one, which always makes for an enjoyable show in my estimation. You know, high energy level and all that. And while they may have been disappointed by the fact that most of the material came from the Cramps' last two albums, the inclusion of "The Way I Walk," "The Crusher," "Domino," "Goo Goo Muck" and other old favorites served to keep the crowd hopping.

Then there was Lux's dick. Yep, Lux showed his age when he showed his dick. He isn't circumcised, he's not a natural brunette, and he hasn't seen the light of day or a weightroom in his fifty odd years. But that's OK. It was somehow beautiful to see ol' Lux singing "Surfin'

Bird" completely in the buff as red wine rolled down his translucent body. Even Ivy showed some expression at that one. And like everything else at the Cramps show, the crowd just loved it.

Yeah, it's still true kids. The Cramps don't pummel, they ooze. And on March 18th, the Commodore crowd didn't pogo, they thrashed. Amen.

Chris Uren

**Sarcastic Mannequins
A Cartoon Swear
Cruel Elephant
Friday 20 March**

It's always difficult when you stick to what you believe in and don't follow the latest trend. Sarcastic Mannequins and A Cartoon Swear were/are the two Vancouver bands least likely to get signed to Sub-Pop, but most likely to make me want to scream the loudest and pour the most beer over my head.

A whimper, or maybe a weep, always finds itself bouncing between my ears when a band who has won my respect decides to shovel in the old coffin. The first time Sarcastic Mannequins made their imprint on my brain was at Shindig 1988 at the Railway Club. Those interested in Vancouver trivia might wonder who these lads, with their wooden mannequins, defeated in their quest for glory? Silent Gathering (including pre-Windwalker and Super-conductor members).

Guess who had the cheapest New Year's Party to harken 1989? The Archimedes Taxi Driver Club hadn't seen

that many people before, but the Mannequins and Damage C'est Damage played an integral role in the construction of my brain damage for the evening.

Hey, these guys backed up Firehose, so they are waiting okay?

Two sets of fantastic renditions of sheet music off their two scintillating releases. Don't tell me you don't remember the one with the volvo on the cover? Beez was even giving out stickers and pins. I took a sticker 'cause I didn't have one on my guitar case. I had to put a sweater on for all the shivers I was getting off the good Karma of people who knew the lyrics and maybe actually believed in them. Brad, jazz-bass-master-drummer, who sways his head like booze is still illegal, was tight enough to persuade a full pit to pop to the ceiling. Mr. Shyman never seemed to make a mistake copying his own melodic lead guitar style. Sour vocal notes do not exist but melodies flourish. Beez and I are going to get into a fight over Margaret Atwood. Farewell you cool dudes, you all come back now, ya hear!!! However, Cartoon Swear are more than ready to fill the wacked out throne. Nice to see a drummer who actually sings lead from time to time. A clarinet player is an inspiring addition since the last time I did partake in a Swearfest. Anyone who can cover Syd Barrett can laugh with a Mad-cap anytime. Can I join your fanclub?

Evan Symons

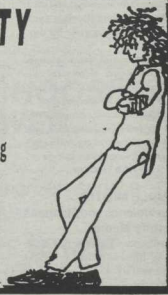
Lux Interior of the Cramps by Len Whistler



**PROFESSIONAL QUALITY
RECORDINGS**

Fully equipped 8-track studio
Live sound room and full MIDI sequencing
Musicians and services available

DEADBEAT STUDIOS
687 5803





UNDER REVIEW

LUKA BLOOM *The Acoustic Motorbike* (Warner)

1991 marked the year that Irish musician Luka Bloom returned to his homeland after nearly four years of working and touring in Canada, the U.S. and Europe. It was during this year that he rediscovered Dublin and penned the songs for his sophomore effort *The Acoustic Motorbike*. *Motorbike* is an emotionally naked piece of work. At times this brooding and introspective CD's moody tracks are welcomingly contrasted by Bloom's passionate guitar work and strong, determined vocals.

The first track, "Mary Watches Everything," deals with the manner in which society leaves of world events through the medium of television. One can't help but wonder if Bloom has been listening to Chris Laak's *Heart Shaped World* whilst setting this one to music. The unlikely choice to cover rapper L.L. Cool J's "I Need Love" works brilliantly, as does the remake of Elvis' "Can't Help Falling Love With You." Bloom's interpretation helps onto forget the painful translation pointed out a few years back by (blech!) Corey Hart. But the most unforgettable cut by far is the album's title track, "The Acoustic Motorbike," a chronicle of Bloom's cycling expeditions through Dublin. Bloom does not so much sing this tune as he does compellingly narrate it. The sounds of various farm animals sound off in the distance, while Bloom's guitar rances feverishly alongside his driving lyrics.

Best summed up as an acoustic player's treasure, *Motorbike* is a good case in point that, sometimes, less is more. With the guitar as its focal point, *Motorbike* eliminates the need for heavy instrumentals, and allows the listener to enjoy Bloom's exceptional songwriting talents.

Lee-Ann Hooker

RUMBLE MILITIA *Stop Violence and Madness* (Century Media)

Basically, *Stop Violence and Madness* by Rumble Militia is typical thrash-metal. An exception is "You're Sure," were they thinking potential top-bill hit for this one?

38 *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*

Big Star, a compilation of two Big Star albums and one Bell solo effort. Well, all I can say is this: every few years, some butt-kicking mainstream rock critic looks back twenty years and decides that one particular band is responsible for an entire trend in contemporary music. There was Link Wray, The Velvet Underground, The Seeds and, more recently, MC5 and The Stooges. Now it's Big Star.

Please enjoy Big Star for what they are. They write good songs, usually. Most of those songs are infused with a good deal of feeling as both Chilton and Bell have strong voices. Their album is eminently likeable and there is an obvious influence on bands like Goo/Goo/Dolls, Guadalupe Dixie, House of Freaks and The Replacements. But only when these bands foray into the land of the ballad, where Big Star is especially comfortable. Believe me, Big Star is not the original incarnation of "The College Sound."

A Little Big Star is dated. It's 20 years old, OK. The band's primary concern is to sound pretty, which leads to some pretty irritating Third Dog Night-like moments. Most important, in my humble opinion, this type of music needs the energy that punk sensibilities provide to be of any interest. Big Star, without exception, lacks those sensibilities.

So here you go, Big Star! Just a good, early seventies band. They aren't prophets, and they aren't a Replacements precursor. But hey, if historical concept is your thing, buy this. And pick up a Television or Richard Hell album while you're out there, 1997 isn't that far away.

Chris Uren

MONOMEN *Wrecker* (Estrus Records)

O great. Now there's a Bellingham sound.

Yes, the Monomen's new LP, *Wrecker*, sounds a fair bit like their Bellingham brethren, Gas Huffer. Less inclined towards pop than the Huffer, the Monomen have the same idea. You know, the "we dig music, fuzzy guitars, party, party, party..." idea. I could tell that was the idea by the buzzed, naked, cartoon woman on the advance copy cover.

So, is this a good idea? Well, yeah, if you can reconcile yourself to the idea that singing about booze all the time is slightly less dumb than making a point not to sing about booze at all. In other words, I'd rather listen to the Monomen on Saturday night than, say, the Smiths. Or jazz. Or fugazi [OUCH! Ed.]. Which isn't to say that a ton o' bands aren't doing the same thing as the Monomen, only more effectively.

This record just lacks hooks. It is just a little too straight forward to

be engrossing. "Watch Outside," which opens *Wrecker*, was very enjoyable on the "Booze" 7", but a full album of similar songs gets kind of numbing. Perhaps my objections are the result of the fact that the advance copy sounds like it was recorded over by the toffee machine in the Bellis Fair Mall. With luck, when the CD comes out, better production will reveal new levels of intricacy in the Monomen's music. Until then, give them credit for effort and energy, and hope they can develop their sound.

Chris Uren

HENRY ROLLINS BAND *The End of Silence* (Imago/BMG)

Mr. Rollins is a kind of John the Baptist for the Angry Young Male—a voice crying out in the wilderness. Misunderstood and maligned, the Young Male has become the recipient

Learn. Ultimately, these arch messages, which may not be new, but because of their timely perspective become interesting and rare.

J. Boldt

BOB WISEMAN *Presented by Lake Michigan Soda* (WEA)

This album confirms (in my mind, at least) that Bob Wiseman is Canada's only true insane

and "Response of a Lakota woman to FBI interdiction circa 1973 pine ridge" cut beneath power struggles and smokescreens into the nerves and feelings of the people involved. On "Into a dinosaur," Bob even writes from the point of view of an ant who has both of its parents poached for their ivory: "there was no thank you for your meat / there was no thank you for your skin / your ivory gets us money and cash / means more than sin." These are not trendy "issue songs," they are heartfelt attempts to address politics and grievances that are ignored by mainstream media.

Musically the whole recording gallops all over the map, from the classical "Etude #1 Opus 666" (featuring Eugene Chadbourne on the electric rake) to the blazing electric guitar sustain of "Diary." Wiseman's "unique" vocal stylings and manic keyboard playing form the common thread that binds all these disparate and clashing elements into a profoundly warped masterpiece.

The Americans get to vote Frank Zappa for president. I'm nominating Bob Wiseman for Prime Minister.

Rory Tait

ITCH *Dyin' To Be Jesus* (Nettwerk/Capitol)

Mark Critchley's itch have just put out some pretty heavy duty new stuff. It makes you laugh, it makes you cry...all right, enough. The album's called *Dyin' To Be Jesus* and it's action packed. The music comes, initially, as quite a shock in the way it's presented, but it's a classic situation of "the more I listen to it, the more I like it."

The shock comes from the way the music blasts out at you. At first it seems awkward, as if too many notes are being crammed into one space. In reality it's not a shock, it's a challenge. The challenge is that the listener has to keep up with what's going on. Also, the music doesn't seem like rock, but it is. The riffs are there but instead of the familiar guitar-bass sound, Mark's piano, and the way he's recorded the other instruments, come at you in a punching, grinding mass. Sounds like shit, but it's true. The pounding doesn't

of the Slow Moving Choice Award for the sociologically and politically "enlightened" of the nineties. A child of the early punk era, Rollins avoided the inevitable contradictory failings of all mass movements, even denouncing most of his so-called iconoclast peers and proteges as conservative and narrow minded, and turned inward in an often tortuous examination of himself. Some of you may remember his brutally honest fax interview presented in *Disorder* a while ago—an interview in which he discussed his violent tendencies, his inability to love, and his promotion of sexual gratification. The roots of these things, he hinted at, was a childhood of neglect and abuse, and a society which treats young men like him with suspicion and hostility.

Now, you may wonder what a muscle-bound, tattooed, screaming behemoth, who looks like he could have the better of it with a T-72, is doing singing songs about self-esteem, loneliness, and depression? This is precisely the point. Whether it is in the lyrics of his songs or in his spoken monologues, Mr. Rollins demonstrates his sensitivity and thoughtfulness with articulate sentiments of alienation, confusion, and blinding rage directed at a world which refuses to care or even begin to understand.

His latest collection, *The End Of Silence* is no exception. Beginning with a track entitled "Low Self Opinion," Rollins lurches into an introspective and yearning self-examination, with the occasional slap-on-the-hand bit of common sense to those who feel like him: like they're being sold down the sociological river in the boat of moral agendas of Others. Don't believe everything you hear. Believe in your night to self.



really let up until the fifth song "Good to be Alive," but the heavy duty build up and climax are still there. For me, "Photosynthesis" is the big winner. After those two songs, I'll start basking away again without really letting up.

What I liked about the lyrics was the sincerity and straightforwardness. It's nice to listen to words that mean something and which get to the point without wasting much time. It's a blunt honesty that I haven't seen a lot of. Mark's sense of humour and awareness and concern of the situations around him really come through in his lyrics.

The band is wicked—Glenn D'Cruse, Rob Wright and extra bass players—and Mark Critchley does a bonus piano piece on the end of the disc to show where he's coming from.

If you want rock, but something different do the Litch. You gotta think about it, but it's worth it.

Kevin McCandless

CURVE

Doppelgänger (Anxious & M)

A mad rush of sound, squalls of droning noise, squawks of fuzz and distortion, insistent dancecore rhythms, and hemlock-laced honey vocals.

How many more paragraphs like this are we going to have to read before the Next Big Thing comes out of England? Probably not that many. But long after the Brits are celebrating distorito-techno-foxcore or whatever the Hell crosses the Atlantic in droves next, I hope Curve will still be making edgy, uneasy-listening dance music.

Doppelgänger is like being trapped at Lavafair when you're on acid, and the drinks are watery, and your friends have forsaken you because you're getting too obnoxious, and you've run out of money but you stick around anyway in the grim hope that you'll still get lucky.

Actually, it's better than that. If they played "Fait Accompli" at the pissant dance clubs in this city it might be worth going. Hell, maybe they do. I never go out anymore because I can listen to Curve at home. And this is music to be alienated by, for sure!

Sonext Saturday night, here's what you do: tell your friends you can't go out, you have to comfort a friend (well, you do); turn off the lights, slip into something uncomfortable, turn the TV to a test pattern (or snow), drink heavily, slap on your headphones, and slip *Doppelgänger* into the Realistic stereo system your parents gave you for graduating high school. Leave a message on your answering machine, "Can't come to the phone, I'm listening to the new Curve and I'm in another headspace entirely. We couldn't communicate anyway," kick back, listen, and fall into the mad rush of sound, the squawks of droning noise, and the squawks of etc., etc., etc.

Shawn Conner

THE HARD CORPS

Def Before Dishonor (East/West Records)

This is about the hardest of the new rap/metal acts, preferring the metal-edged side, other than the style of groups like Urban Dance Squad. In fact The Hard Corps blow UDS

away, kicking out harder lyrics and chunkier guitar riffs that draw as much from Metallica as it does from Public Enemy or Boogie Down Productions. The 13 songs on *Def Before Dishonor* are going to set a new reference point for this fledgling style.

Granted, fusion of metal and rap has been around since "Rock the Bells" by LL Cool J and Run DMC's cover of "Walk This Way," but Hard Corps use a full rock band setup, adding a DJ for augmentation. This gives more life to the jam than an army of samplers and beatboxes ever could. If boxes complain that rap isn't music, throw this in their face and it'll shut 'em up fast.

However, not all of the songs are pleasers. Their cover of AC/DC's "Back in Black" is kinda lame, and "Why Can't We Be Friends," which borrows from the old War tune, may be better live. Jam Master Jay shows that he can produce an album that really rocks out. Apparently these guys cooked when they backed up 24/7. Spiz a few months ago, he don't miss 'em when they come by, next.

Mofo

SOCIAL DISTORTION

Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell (Epic/Sony)

Familiar with them? "hippocket band"? Its definition warrants interment in two separate camps. One encompasses musicians who have either outgrown or become bored by the limitations erected by a sound that defines them in the minds of a small but devoted audience. Which eventually alienates musicians if they even dare to stretch, yawn or breathe aspiration. Inhabiting the other side are those musicians who fashion whatever they like in content and dynamics and

don't give a flaming expletive what the world thinks. Eventually, the consequence is only a small rabid core of listeners.

Until now, Social Distortion epitomized the latter distinction with unforced brazenness. Loud, fast, orthodox white trash anthems that off-ramp onto the occasional embrace of country tinged shuffles. The lyrics are suitably amplified in keeping with Mike Ness' favorite songwriting themes of losers beyond love and redemption, sprinkled with a generous helping of clichés. Repeating yourself can be forgivable in some cases. If you survived years of punch-ups (some of them with cops), drunkenness, and heroin use, the very least you'd want to do is exploit that experience.

Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell is the vehicle of a fairly simple band doing something all too complicated. They purposely sandpaper their inherent strengths into a finish that sounds better and drives faster without tinkering away at the engine. The first two songs, "Cold Feelings" and "Bad Luck" could be great singles, if there's such a thing anymore. The country feel returns in "99 to Life," a song where Ness inhabits the world of Kris Kristofferson's "Banks of the Ohio," only to end up paying for his crime. All of Ness' protagonists never emptied a crumb from the bag, much less sampled "a free lunch."

On the surface, this record won't indicate any broadening of horizons from Social Distortion. A single listen will provide those answers, but potential is a pretty elusive thing and they're close to grasping it.

Rob Harrison



MOFO'S PSYCHOSONIC PIX O' THE MONTH

Well, folks, I must admit it has been a good month for me. My cup overflowed with a swell pile o' vinyl! I can pretty much guarantee is tough to dig up. No theme this month since the following pix are all around the bend in charmingly unique ways.

First, a tip on buying odd or rare rekkids. Always make sure you check the album inside before you buy it. Many a time I have picked up what I thought was an Edward Bear picture sleeve 7" of "Last Song" or an LP of Apollo 11 space conversations. Dreading uncontrollably, in anticipation of hearing Larry Flynt bark out a tune or Neil Armstrong complain about lack of toilet paper on the lunar module, I was sooo horny to pull out Rick "Let's Freshen in an Airplane" Nelson or The Bob Seger System. I guess I was so gleeful, I slapped down my \$125 without checking. So keep a lid on your emotions and you'll avoid heartbreak.

But anyway, enough of this toshology, on to this month's Psychosonic Pixapix:

Sonny & Cher - Live

The "Tatooed Lady and the Future Senator put this one out in 1971. This was back in the days before record companies realized you should put liner notes on LPs. No idea where this was recorded, but it contains covers of "What Now My Love," "Daddy Boy," and, of course, "The Beat Goes On."

The tension that was developing in their relationship shows, with Cher audibly slapping Sonny many times on side two. CHEZABILITY RATING: 79

Dr. Who - Sound Effects

This is \$19 (!) in a series, put out by BBC Records. Groovy sound effects, but they are about as cheap as the series looks. Fun to sample these babies or to put on your answering machine. CHEZABILITY RATING: 70

Various Artists - Cowboy

This is one of the bummers I mentioned earlier. I got it home and found a Charley Pride LP in it. Anyway it had fun value, with a string of toy tracks on the cover and trucker songs like "Love Rollercoaster" and "I Write the Songs." No artist credits, so I assume they got a cheap band to cover these songs. Oh yeah, it's on Homestead Records, of all things!!! (Home to early Dinosaurs Jr.? Wow! Ed.) CHEZABILITY RATING: 95 ('cause it has a CB dictionary on the back sleeve)

Betty White - How to Hustle

What more can I say? This does it for me, man. Betts has come out with a training course for the famous '70's dance that they taught us in gym class! This is about the most uncool album I have seen since Redd Foxx's raw comedy albums. If you find this or any of the other 15 LPs she put out on things like the Charleston or the Mambo (and it has the booklet), slide it to me and I'll give you \$15. A comedy festival, I guarantee! CHEZABILITY RATING: 100

The Cecil Holmes Soulful Sounds- The Black Motion Picture Experience

You'll Check it out! Cheap instrumental versions of the greatest pimp, hustler and hustler flicks of the '60's and '70's! Includes "Theme from Shaft," "Super Fly" and for some reason, "2001: A Space Odyssey." Worth it just for the cover of "Freddie's Dead" (gives Fishbone a run for their money). Must have along with Ice-T's compilation, *Pimps, Players and Hustlers*, which just came out!! CHEZABILITY RATING: 110(!)

DISHONOURABLE MENTION.....

The Wonder Band - *Stairway to Love*

Again, I must say YOW!!! Imagine one side of a whole LP consisting of songs with "Wonder" in the title. PLUS, the incredible "Stairway to Heaven"/"Whole Lotta Love" MEDLEY!!!!!! Disco versions of both tunes combined, this is the ultimate statement on what pal o' mine Billy B. calls string disco!!! I fucking hate Zeppelin and I was offended!!! CHEZABILITY RATING: 20 (could be one of the worst!)

Not being able to follow up that last one, that's about it for now. Remember the contest I mentioned last month and send me those lyrical! There's a buncha coast left for grabs!!!! And write me care of CTR, with suggestions of great lost vinyl, ok? Oop, gotta go, Smith & Smith are on!!

WHEN CHOOSING YOUR POWER...



• Authorized service dealer

• "WE SERVICE WHAT WE SELL"

"We are the dealers for run-arounds from 12'-16'.



CHARTS

APRIL 92 LONG GROOVES 70

1	VARIOUS	LAST CALL VANCOUVER INDEPENDENT MUSIC 1977-88 (ZULU)
2	BAD RELIGION	GENERATOR (EPITAPH)
3	VARIOUS	THE BUZZCOCKS COVERS COMPILED (CARGO-CD)
4	SCULPTEUR	THE END OF SILENCE (WEAT ADD-HAMGO)
5	SHADOW MEN ON A SHADOWY PLANE	DIM THE LIGHTS, CHILL THE HAM (CARGO)
6	NEGATIVELAND	GUNS (BST)
7	D.O.A.	BLOODED BUT UNBOWED / WAS ON 48 (BESTLESS)
8	SMOXY PUPPY	LAST BITES (DUTTWER)
9	POISON IDEA	BLANK BLACKOUT VACANT (GANGS)
10	BUFFALO TOM	LET ME COME OVER (BEGGARS BANQUET-IMG)
11	DUMPY CLO	ONE WAY TICKET TO ROOSEVELT (POPULARIA-PRODUCES)
12	VARIOUS	HIGHWAY 61 SOUNDTRACK (INTERP)
13	THE SMUGGLERS	THE SMUGGLERS AT MARINELAND (NARWARD)
14	D.O.A.	TALK MINUS ACTION EQUALS ZERO (BESTLESS)
15	BIG STAR	A LITTLE BIG STAR COMPILED (EPIC)
16	VARIOUS	EXPLICIT SKRIBK VOLUME TEN (CHASHER)
17	FATIMA MANSIONS	TIMA MANSO DUMPSIDE DEAD (RADIOACTIV)
18	NO-MANS-NO	4+2+1 (ALTERNATIVE/TECHNICAL)
19	THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSSTONES	MORE ON THE OTHER (BOUTIQUE/CAJON)
20	THE SUE	THE FEE SESSIONS (HOMESTEAD-DEIT)
21	VARIOUS	MAD IN CANADA VOLUME FOUR (IMG)
22	NITZER EBB	EBERHARD (GIEFFEN)
23	TERANGE FANCLUB	BANDWAGON (GIEFFEN)
24	DOGS EAT DOGS	1 DOG EATER DOGS EAT DOGS
25	TAR	JACKSON (AMPHETAMINE BEAT)
26	THE YOUNG GOOLS	T.V. SKY (CAROLINE-PLAY IT AGAIN)
27	VARIOUS	ACID JAZZ COLLECTION ONE (ARTIC-ROCK)
28	GREEN DAY	KEP/LINK! (LOOK OUT)
29	DAG NASTY	FOUR ON THE FLOOR (EPITAPH)
30	VARIOUS	BRAVE NEW VICES (VARETY RECORD LABEL)
31	LUSH	SPOOKY (RAD)
32	DASHIRPOCK	BOILED ALIVE (CARGO-MAMMOTH)
33	AFGHAN WHIGS	CONGREGATION (SUB POP)
34	THE RICHES	SPRING SURVIVOR (MUSIC GEL-WE BITE)
35	MARATHIN AND THE MAHOUTELLA QUEENS	MARATHIN AND THE MAHOUTELLA QUEENS
36	WOBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART	RESING ABOVE BEDLAM (WARNER-EAST WEST)
37	VARIOUS	PSYCHIC TV PRESENTS ULTRAHOUSE (WAXTRAX)
38	VARIOUS	THE JOHN PEE SESSIONS (HOMESTEAD-DEIT)
39	THE UNSEAN	SLAP OF REALITY (RENAISSANCE)
40	HUNGER FARM	DOGMA (NEMESIS)
41	THE SUGARCUBES	STICK AROUND FOR JOE (WARNER-ELECTRA)
42	LES PAUL	SELECTIONS FROM LES PAUL: LEGEND (CAPRICORN)
43	ED'S RECKONING QUALITIES	IT'S ALL GOOD NEWS (FLYING FISH)
44	THE 302	FISH TALKS/WORTHY SONGS FOR SWANS (STILL WARMING-FLYING FISH)
45	LYDIA LUNCH AND ROLAND S HOWARD	SHOGUN WEDDING (WEAT ADD-HAMGO)
46	VARIOUS	CHARLIE MANSON STREET
47	OH	MACHINE ATAR TRANSMISSION (BINGO)
48	JERRY JERRY	DONT MIND IF DO (AQUARIUS)
49	THE CRAMPS	LOOK MA NO HAND (BESTLESS)
50	MY SISTER'S MACHINE	DIVA (CAROLINE)
51	MCWANE MISS	RESISTANCE B DEFENSE (VIRGIN-SATURDAY)
52	KING APPARATUS	KING APPARATUS (RAW ENERGY)
53	OLIVEAWAN	SOPHOMORE JINXI (CARGO)
54	KASHIN	JINXI (MUSCORG)
55	KONGHART	THE BELL-OUT (DUMMAY-ROCK)
56	COP SHOOT COP	WHITE NOISE (BIG CAT U.K.)
57	BAD BRAINS	SPIRIT ELECTRICITY (EST)
58	NOISE FOREST	NOISE FOREST (GARGO)
59	HALO	ALOY (CARGO)
60	DOUBTING THOMAS	INFIDEL (CARGO-WAXTRAX)
61	PEGGY	STRONG REACTION (DOUG-HO-1/STICK)
62	THE SCREECHING WEASELS	MY BRAIN HURTS (LOOK OUT)
63	VARIOUS	RESISTANCE B DEFENSE (VIRGIN-SATURDAY)
64	VARIOUS	THE VIRCHORD WORLD MUSIC SYMPHONY (DISTRIBUTION FUSION)
65	PELICAN DAUGHTERS	FISHBONES AND WISHERONES (ADVANCEMENT-TRANCE)
66	DIGITAL POODLE	SOUL CRUSH (ADVANCEMENT-TRANCE)
67	CRUISE	BROWN (PRICE)
68	ICE CUBE	DEATH CERTIFICATE (PRIORITY-JAPAN)
69	ORDO EQUITAS SOLIS	ANIMI AEGITUDIO (ADVANCEMENT-TRANCE)
70	THE EX AND TOM CORA	SCRABBLING AT THE LOCK (REC-REC-EX)

APRIL 92 SHORTIE GROOVES 51

1	PHILEAS CAMP	"SEASIDE" 7" (FINAL NOTICE)
2	BUM	A PROMISE IS A PROMISE (LANCE ROCK)
3	LEATHERFACE	I WANT THE MOON 7" (ROUGHNECK)
4	ROCK PROSTATE	"BRING ME THE HEAD OF JERRY GARCIA" 7" (VITAL MUSIC)
5	JANIBOX	"TONGUES" 7" (DISCHORD)
6	YUMMY	"CANDY DAY" 7" (BAG OF HAMMERS)
7	WINDWALKER B/W TANKHOG	THE MINT IS A TERRIBLE THING TO TASTE 7" (MINT)
8	THE WAGON OF ULYSSES	THE BIRTH OF THE ULYSSES AESTHETIC 7" (DISCHORD)
9	CONALD 5.0	"ERASE" 7" (IMP RECORDS)
10	ZEPGUN	"TOGETHER DUMB" 7" (eMpTy)
11	BUFFALO TOM	VELVET ROOF CO-5" EP (BEGGARS BANQUET-SITUATION 2)
12	NOT GLUE GUN	"I'LL KILL YOU" 7" (AUG)
13	THE WHIRLES	IN MY GROOVE 7" (SCHIZO PHONICS)
14	HUEVO RANCHEROS	ROCKET TO NOWHERE 7" (ESTRUS)
15	DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HONORARY	LANGUAGE OF VIOLENCE (DO-BENHART-HEAD)
16	LOVE BATTERY	"TODAY" 7" (OUR PORT)
17	MIDWAY STEEL	WITH 7" (ROUGHNECK)
18	PROSECUTOR	"THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THE WORLD" 7" (SCATCH)
19	TRIPLE (A-BONES)	SPLIT 7" (POPULARIA-CRUISED 8.0)
20	GNOME	"GONE" 7" (BLOSSOM)
21	CAT'S GAME	HOME SWEET HOME 7" (3 MINUTE MILE)
22	THE POTATO EATERS	"DOGS EARED (BUT FORGOTTEN)" 7" (BASTARD)
23	SMASHING PUMPKINS	LULL CO-5" EP (CAROLINE)
24	UNREST	BAVARIAN MODE 7" (HOMESTEAD-DEIT)
25	BRATMOBILE	KISS AND RIDE (HOMESTEAD-DEIT)
26	HAPPY FLOWERS	PEEL SESSION (HOMESTEAD-DEIT)
27	SADA CRAIG	EP (SARA CRAIG)
28	ORANGE DRIVER	"WALK HOME ALONE" 7" (POWERBAST)
29	NO-MANS-NO	"OH CANADIAN" 7" (LIED RECORDINGS)
30	LING	PSYCHOPHONIA (DEIT 7" (SCATCH))
31	BATS GOT THE BABIES	"THE SMILING MASK" 7" (SCHWARTZ RECORDS)
32	VISIONSTAIN	THE CAMPSTIE 7" (SILVERBIRD)
33	THE POINES	"FREE" 7" (POPULARIA-PRODUCES)
34	MATTHEW SWEET	GIRLFRIEND: THE SUPERDEFORMED 7" (IMG-300)
35	SQUALLERS/SHOW BUSINESS GENTS	BLOBS VOL 2 SPLIT 7" (WAY OUT)
36	SMILE	"AMANTIA" 7" (NEMESIS)
37	SAD MONKEYS	"NIPSEYLAND" 7" (VITAL MUSIC)
38	SPINOUT	DOCTORED FOR SUPERBOND 7" (DELICIOUS VINT)
39	SCRATCH BONGOWAX	4-SONG EP (DIONYSUS)
40	THE CHORUS	"FULL CIRCLE STOP" 7" (NEMESIS)
41	CRINGHOUSE	CHOCOLATE LOVE GROOVES 7" (BOMB APPLE RECORDS)
42	CRACKERBASH	"JASPER" 7" (eMpTy)
43	THE AGITATORS	NO BRAKES 7" (DECEIT HIT)
44	SOCIAL DISTORTION	"BAD LUCK" 12" (SOUTH-EPIC)
45	SEBEL'S PAIN	FAMILY 7" (GRASS CAN)
46	DISTORTED PONY	WORK MAKE FREEDOM 12" EP (BOMPO)
47	THE FEELERS	"INVILATION" 12" (AAM-COVID)
48	MC 9007 JESUS	"THE KILLER INSIDE ME" 12" (NETWERO)
49	ICE CUBE	"STEADY MOBBIN'" 12" (PRIORITY)
50	KID LIVERS	"LIPS FOR LIFE" 7" (JST PAPER)

APRIL 92 SINGLE MAGNETIC PARTYCLOVES

1	CANE TOADS	WAKE UP SUZY
2	FURNACEFACE	DOWN THE DRAIN
3	HOOFARUMP	WAXTRAX
4	SUCKING CHEEKS WOUNDS	SATAN W/ DRINK
5	SHINE	BUTTERFLY
6	SPARKMAKERS	MIRROR OF DAYS
7	PLANET OF SPEEDERS	PORCUPINE
8	MYSTERY MACHINE	SHAKY GROUND
9	WHONOA SUE & TURNPIES	COW COW STRUT
10	JACK REELS FINE	SOMEONE DIED ON TV TONIGHT
11	VINAGRETTES	THOSE DAWN BUGS
12	MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSSTONES	SWEET EMOTION
13	MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY	HO ANUS/ETC.
14	POLLAGE	NO MORE HAPPY MONDAYS
15	TECHNICOLOR PAINTCOATS	DEVINE WORLD
16	CUTTER THAN SPUNKY	FOR YOU
17	SUPHOS	ONE MORE EPISODE
18	HOOFARUMP	RELAPSE
19	PERFUME TOEE	DEATH IN PRIME TIME
20	SWANNYARD	LEST WE FORGET
21	CONNECT	MEANING OF HATE
22	ROOTS BOUND UP	12
23	SHOW BUSINESS GENTS	WORLD IS TOO CROWDED
24	MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY	SEX WITH THE DEVIL/E.C.
25	ALBEN & THE PSYCHO	T-BONE SUE
26	H. DUMMAY	105
27	BOMBHELLS	STARFISH
28	GO GUY	THE ROOM
29	SLUDGE	ROPELUNG
30	MAN	PEOPLE BOW
31	MYSTERY MACHINE	BROKEN
32	SINUS ENVY	POLK SALAD ANNIE
33	BATTLED ROOSTERS	FLAT BROKE
34	WINGNUTS	CANT STOP
35	BATTLED ROOSTERS	HOT ROD GIRLS
36	CARMEN ROGUES	SHALIEN
37	MIGHTY YAH MAN	DO THE NED
38	SWEATERS	THE POP THING
39	KATHLEEN YEARMOOD	O CANADA
40	TERROR 1	GANGSTIA SHIT
41	LING SUE	BEAT ON THE DANCING HORSE
42	DEPROGRAMMERS	CHILD
43	HOLY COWS	SPERM WHALES
44	NR	PERFECT FOOLS
45	INDICIVES	GOOD INTENTIONS
46	TERROR OF TINY TOWN	WHAT'S THE PRICE
47	AMBULANCE	TROUPL
48	INDICIVES	HAVE A NICE DAY
49	GARDEN EARTHLY DELIGHTS	ARCHANGELS
50	PHILISTINES	LATELY
51	SWANNYARD	INSTINCT OF MOON

TOP TENS

Rory Tait's Top Ten Muffin Flavors

HNPP fill-in (Wednesdays 6-7pm)

1. Blueberry (a classic)
2. Horsemeat 'n' Eggplant
3. Pickle-Bran
4. Pineapple-Olive-Crunch
5. Watermelon Oat
6. Poppyseed-Cucumber
7. Bacon, Egg and Cheese
8. Zucchini Chocolate Chip
9. Turkey With Stuffing
10. Blue Cheese and Apple

Bryce and Scooter's Top Ten Wedding Presents for Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love

Madonna Death Watch (Tuesdays 8:15-11am)

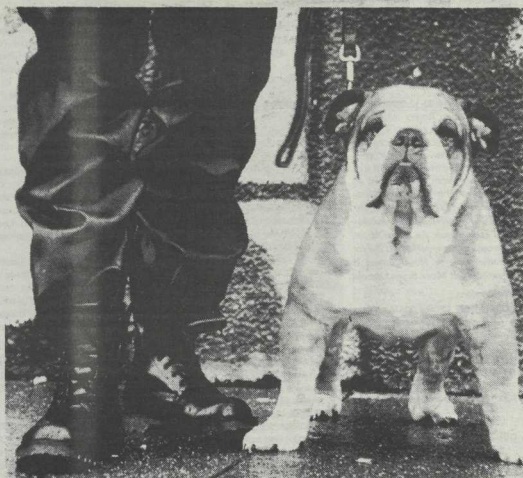
1. Artificial inseminations
2. A luxurious weekend at Betty Ford's spa/resort/ beauty camp for a complete makeover and withdrawal
3. A complete spring outfit from the Bon Marche
4. Toaster
5. The Rob Lowe Home Video Kit
6. A Tribute Nirvana/Hole album from Shonen Knife
7. A framed copy of Chris Uren's "Smells Like Christmas Spirit" Dec. '91 Discorder.
8. Lifetime supply of Avon products
9. Subscription to the SUB POP singles club
10. His and her Melvins T-shirts

Mindy and Chris' Top Ten People

We'd Like to See Perform Naked Heimlich Manoeuvre (Mondays 3-5pm)

1. Gerald
2. Richard Looney (sings "Oh Canada" at Canucks games)
3. Oscar the Grouch
4. The Haircut For Men Guy
5. Billy Graham
6. Gilligan and the Skipper
7. Ed McMahon
8. Mary Hart
9. Julia Child
10. Manute Bol

TOP TENS



DECADENCE

1432 Commercial Drive 251-7833

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

Bootsauce



BARE BACK ROMP

With Guests

Jerry Jerry

**Wednesday
to Friday**

April

15 - 17

Doors • 8:00 P.M.

TOWN PUMP
66 Water St., Gastown

Tickets available at all
outlets or
charge by phone 280-4444

LGTS

PRODUCED BY
 MCA
COLUMBIA

ALTERNATIVE K.L.F. BASH! P.M.E.L.

VANCOUVER'S ONLY TUESDAY NITE
PROGRESSIVE MIX WITH
FRONT 242 D.J. JAMES

THE SHAMEN
JESUS JONES

THE CLUB
BIG BAM BOO
ON BROADWAY

NO COVER
BEFORE
10PM
NO
DRESS
CODE

DRINK
SPECIALS
(2 FOR 1)

1236
W. BROADWAY
753-2220

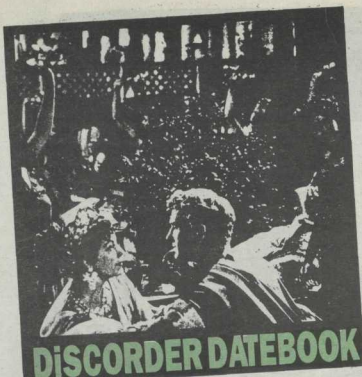
REVOLUTIONARY SHOE CATALOGUE



YES COMRADE, it is duty
of all citizens to get our amazing new
catalogue, "Quotations From Chairman
John Fluevog". Rise up now and declare
independence for your feet. Send three
hundred thousand rubles or two dollars.
Dovsidanya: Don't Delay, Fluevog Today.
852 GRANVILLE ST. VANCOUVER BC V6Z 1K3
399 QUEEN ST. W. TORONTO ONT. M5V 2A5
WHOLESALE INQUIRIES WELCOME

JOHN FLUEVOG





DISORDER DATEBOOK

WEDNESDAY 1 CTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... The Sweaters with the Slipshods and the Vinlogrettes at the Cruel Elephant... Luke Bloom with Rick Colbourne & Hard Poetry at the Commodore... Bob Wiseman at the Railway... Ian Tyson at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Doug Bennett at Cafe Django... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Jac Band at Hogan's Alley... New Shoes with Ann Marie Fleming in person (7:30pm) and Sweetie (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

THURSDAY 2 CTR PRESENTS THE COWS AND HAMMERHEAD AT THE CRUEL ELEPHANT... CTR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... The Road at the UBC SUB Plaza (7:30pm)... Foul Hoxstems at the Town Pump... Blue Lasso at the Railway... Clive Gregson & Christine Collister at the Wise Hall... Little Village at the Orpheum... Ian Tyson at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Jac Band at Hogan's Alley... New Shoes with Ann Marie Fleming in person (7:30pm) and Sweetie (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

FRIDAY 3 The Hanson Brothers with the Show Business Giants and Frakus at the Cruel Elephant... Jenny Allen at the UBC Grand Centre Freestyle Lounge... Cadillac Tramps with the Enigmas and the Sweaters at the Commodore... Clive Gregson & Christine Collister at the Wise Hall... Blue Lasso at the Railway... The Stratocheifs at the Glass Slipper... Abandoned Youth at 86 Street... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Ian Tyson at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Jim Byrnes at Hogan's Alley... Nostalgia (7:15pm) and Stalker (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

SATURDAY 4 Queen Ida & the Bon Temps Zydeco Band at the Commodore... Bob's Your Uncle with the Wingnuts at the Cruel Elephant... Clyde Reed Quartet with aka Renow at the Glass Slipper... Curtis Salgado & the Silletos at the Town Pump... Peter Rampton at 86 Street... County Dance at the Wise Hall... Ian Tyson at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Amos Garrett at the Yale... Jim Byrnes at Hogan's Alley... Clive Gregson & Christine Collister at the Backstage (Seattle)... Nostalgia (7:15pm) and Stalker (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

SUNDAY 5 Movie of the Week at the Railway... Aster Awake at the Commodore... Dave Van Ronk at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Clarence Gatemouth Brown at the Yale... Not Just Another Blues Jam at Hogan's Alley... Bamboja at the Vancouver Playhouse... Violent Femmes at Carver Gymnasium (Western Washington University)... Rejeanne Padovani and Samuel de Champlain (7:30pm) and Quebec Duplessis and After... (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... 1992 Vancouver Record Collectors Association Record & CD Swap Meet at Kitsilano Community Centre... Todd's Day Parade at the English Bay seawall.

MONDAY 6 CTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... Foam at the Railway... Violent Femmes at the Commodore... Clarence Gatemouth Brown at the Yale... Incognito at Hogan's Alley... Rejeanne Padovani and Samuel de Champlain (7:30pm) and Quebec Duplessis and After... (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

TUESDAY 7 CTR Funk Night at the Pit Pub... 70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... Ngoma at the Railway... Violent Femmes at the Commodore... Clarence Gatemouth Brown at the Yale... Incognito at Hogan's Alley.

WEDNESDAY 8 CTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... Sewweed

at the Cruel Elephant... Ice-T & Bodycount with Eye to I at the Commodore... Memphis Slax at the Railway... Little Mike & the Tornadoes at the Yale... Incognito at Hogan's Alley... Suddenly One Day (7:30pm) and Vemband (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

THURSDAY 9 CTR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Jack Falls Fine with Ramona Gads and Des Sauts at the Cruel Elephant... Memphis Slax at the Railway... Little Mike & the Tornadoes at the Yale... Incognito at Hogan's Alley... Desmond Dekker & the Aces at the Backstage (Seattle)... Blood of the Conard and lecture presentation: Elena Feder on "Culture & Nation: A Latin American Case and Context" (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

FRIDAY 10 MDC with Delicious Mind Garden and Sarnos at the Cruel Elephant... Open Stage Jam at the UBC Grand Centre... Fire Side Lounge... Harold Mix at the Railway... Maire n' Chathalough & Chris Newman at the Wise Hall... Little Mike & the Tornadoes at the Yale... Incognito at Hogan's Alley... The Antonio's Women Blues Revue at the Commodore... Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky (7:30pm) and The Sacrifice (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

SATURDAY 11 Harold Mix at the Railway... Jonestown with French Mouth at the Grand Centre... Desmond Dekker & the Aces with Small Axe at 86 Street... Clusone Trio at the Glass Slipper... Little Mike & the Tornadoes at the Yale... English Country Dance at the Wise Hall... Incognito at Hogan's Alley... Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky (7:30pm) and The Sacrifice (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

SUNDAY 12 Gall Bowen Band at the Railway... Clusone Trio at the Glass Slipper... Not Just Another Blues Jam at Hogan's Alley... Piano Recital at the Vancouver Playhouse... Gina and Ville-Marie (Les Montrealestes) (7:15pm) and Le Crime d'Ovide Plouffe (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

MONDAY 13 CTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... The Dots at the Railway... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Nigel Mack at Hogan's Alley... Gina and Ville-Marie (Les Montrealestes) (7:15pm) and Le Crime d'Ovide Plouffe (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

TUESDAY 14 CTR Funk Night at the Pit Pub... 70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... The Dots at the Railway... Nigel Mack at Hogan's Alley.

WEDNESDAY 15 CTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... Elvis Love Child with the Bombshells and Short Loath at the Cruel Elephant... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... Jerry Jerry & the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra with Bootsauce at the Town Pump... Sweet Dick at the Railway... Nigel Mack at Hogan's Alley... Pirovi (7:30pm) and Aparaham (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

THURSDAY 16 CTR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Asexuals with the Pasties and Cats Game at the Cruel Elephant... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... Sweet Dick at the Railway... Jerry Jerry & the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra with Bootsauce at the Town Pump... Nigel Mack at Hogan's Alley... Pirovi (7:30pm) and Aparaham (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

FRIDAY 17 Nimrod CD release with Mayuko Hino, Superconductor and Ho at the Cruel Elephant... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... Eek-a-Mouse at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Sweet Dick at the Railway... The Valentinos with Bug House Five and Chrome Dog at the Pantheum... Jerry Jerry & the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra with Bootsauce at the Town Pump... Nigel Mack at Hogan's Alley... Ganashtra (9:30pm) and The Chosen One (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

SATURDAY 18 Lush at the Commodore... Dead Surt Kiss with Zip Gun and the Miceas at the Cruel Elephant... Ellen McIlwaine at the Yale... Sochappy at Speedy O'Tubbs (Bellingham)... Bug House Five at the Railway... Nigel Mack at Hogan's Alley... Ganashtra (9:30pm) and The Chosen One (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

SUNDAY 19 Bug House Five at the Railway... Teenage Fanclub with Afton Whigs at the Commodore... Not Just Another Blues Jam at Hogan's Alley... Diamanda Galas with Judgement Day at the Backstage (Seattle)... Le Declin de l'Empire Americain and Volleyball (7:30pm) and Le Confort et l'Indifference (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

MONDAY 20 CTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... Big Joe Duskin with the Demons at the Yale... Rhythm Method at the Railway... Harpdog Brown & the Bloodhounds at Hogan's Alley... Le Declin de l'Empire Americain and Volleyball (7:30pm) and Le Confort et l'Indifference (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

TUESDAY 21 CTR Funk Night at the Pit Pub... 70s Disco at the

Cruel Elephant... Big Joe Duskin with the Demons at the Yale... Rhythm Method at the Railway... Harpdog Brown & the Bloodhounds at Hogan's Alley.

WEDNESDAY 22 CTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... Mickey Chisel with Grey Skies, Slick Monkey and Wicked Swimming Dog at the Cruel Elephant... Kiss Kiss & Bang with X-Wings, Maldi Hal and Mather Wall at the Town Pump... Big Joe Duskin with the Demons at the Yale... Jazzmanian Devils at the Railway... Harpdog Brown & the Bloodhounds at Hogan's Alley... John Fenboun, Bart Jansch & Jacquelin McShoe at the Wise Hall... The Death of a Doctor (7:15pm) and Lal There Be a Wee Bit of Romance (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

THURSDAY 23 CTR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Mystery Machine with Go Guy and Fly Wheel at the Cruel Elephant... Big Joe Duskin with the Demons at the Yale... Jazzmanian Devils at the Railway... Harpdog Brown & the Bloodhounds at Hogan's Alley... U2 with the Pixies at the Pacific Coliseum... Slaying the Dragon and Color Schemes with lecture presentation: Yasmin Jiwani on "Race and Representation: The Colonising Power of Images" (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

FRIDAY 24 The Smugglers with the Hands and BVM at the Cruel Elephant... Big Joe Duskin with the Demons at the Yale... Jazzmanian Devils at the Railway... Chris Whitley with Todd the Wet Sprackel at 86 Street... Harpdog Brown & the Bloodhounds at Hogan's Alley... Gun Crazy (7:30pm) and Cape Fear (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

SATURDAY 25 Hammerbox with Imli and Bone Cellar at the Cruel Elephant... Big Joe Duskin with the Demons at the Yale... Jazzmanian Devils at the Railway... Harpdog Brown & the Bloodhounds at Hogan's Alley... Gun Crazy (7:30pm) and Cape Fear (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

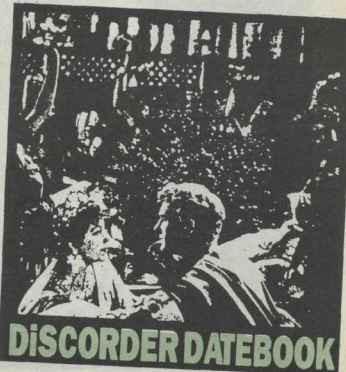
SUNDAY 26 Movie of the Week at the Railway... Local Folk at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... Not Just Another Blues Jam at Hogan's Alley... The Bill Douglas Trilogy: My Childhood, My Ain Folk and My Way Home (7:30pm) and Pacific Cinematheque.

MONDAY 27 CTR Alternative Night at the Pit Pub... Oliver & the Elements at the Yale... Fast Folk Underground at the Railway... John McLaughlin at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre... The Bill Douglas Trilogy: My Childhood, My Ain Folk and My Way Home (7:30pm) and Pacific Cinematheque.

TUESDAY 28 CTR Funk Night at the Pit Pub... 70s Disco at the Cruel Elephant... Sherman Robertson at the Yale... Luna Rossa at the Railway.

WEDNESDAY 29 CTR Hot Wednesday at the Pit Pub... Slikk with the Teeth and Young Teeks at the Cruel Elephant... Sherman Robertson at the Yale... Luna Rossa at the Railway... The Evening Raaga (7:30pm) and Anjoiti (9:10pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.

THURSDAY 30 CTR Classics Night at the Pit Pub... Roots Roundup with Smokin' Rhythm Prawns at the Cruel Elephant... Sherman Robertson at the Yale... Music West Festival at the Railway... Gary Hemingway & Earl Howard at the Western Front... Men of Clay (7:30pm) and Wosobipo (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque.



DISORDER DATEBOOK

YO LA
TENGO
MAY I SING
WITH ME

CD / CASS / LP

THE MONKEYWRENCH

CLEAN AS A BROKE-DICK DOG

CD / CASS / LP

SP129

MARK ARM

STEVE TURNER

TIM KERR

MARTIN BLAND

TOM PRICE

**SUB
POP**



YOU WANT HEAVY? dig into these:

COWS

"CUNNING STUNTS"

THIS IS THE SHIT! THE MOST MIND NUMBING, HOOK LADEN, BEST PRODUCED, COWS OUTING TO DATE.

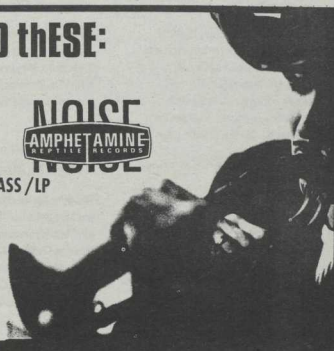
CD / CASS / LP

NOISE
AMPHETAMINE
REPTILE RECORDS
NOISE

DOPE • GUNS & FUCKING IN THE STREETS

Exclusive Tracks From: MELVINS • HELMET • BOSS HOG • UNSANE • VERTIGO
JESUS LIZARD • COSMIC PSYCHOS • HAMMEHEAD • DWARVES • JONESTOWN
THREE MIGHTY CEASERS • HAMMERHEAD • CASUS BELLI • LUBRICATED GOAT

GAS HUFFER • FETISH 69 • Best comp you'll hear this year.



CRANKSHAFT • CRASH WORSHIP • DRIP TANK • DRIVE LIKE JEHU • FISHWIFE • HELICOPTER
HOLY LOVE SNAKES • OLIVELAWN • QUESACABEZA • ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT • 411

HEAD • START TO • PURGATORY



SAN DIEGO
LOCAL

6 1 9

CD • LP



DISTRIBUTED EXCLUSIVELY IN CANADA BY

**CARGO
RECORDS**

ZULU records

1869 W 4th Avenue,
Vancouver, BC V6J 1M4

604-738-3232

OPEN Monday to Wednesday
Thursday and Friday
Saturday
Sunday

10:30 - 7:00
10:30 - 9:00
10:30 - 6:30
12:00 - 6:00



Hey You Rabbits...

It's Spring!

They Might Be Giants

- Apollo 18

After a 2 year hiatus, They Might Be Giants return to their unique form with "Apollo 18". Check full of wacky, weird, toe-tapping tunes to cook dinner or take the cat to the vet by (suggested uses only). Features their new pop hit "The Statue Got Me High".

Henry Rollins

- End of Silence

First domestic release for the tattooed messiah of Black Flag legend. Powerhouse Release!! "Nuff! said.

Ride

- Going Blank Again

Following upon the success of last year's "Nowhere" album, Ride's "Going Blank Again" avoids the sophomore jinx and showcases their growing songwriting skills. Ride have produced a must-have for previous fans and a great introduction for these unfamiliar with this UK band.

Buffalo Tom

- Let me Come Over

Perennial US college rock faves, Buffalo Tom, stretch out on this, their 3rd release. They manage to shake off the "Jr-Dinosaur Jr" tag with style and panache. Recommended.

Wedding Present

- Sea Monsters

This critically-acclaimed record has been out in the UK for some time, but this breakthrough Wedding Present release is now finally available domestically with 3 extra tracks. Catch 'em at the Town Pump this April 28th.

Curve

- Doppelgänger

After 4 great UK EPs, Curve presents "Doppelgänger", their debut full-length release. These UK fan & critics faves have not disappointed, with an album of almost entirely new selections.

Disposable Heroes

- of Hiphocrisy
- Hipocrisy is the Greatest Luxury

After opening for Billy Bragg in Vancouver, the buzz was on for these ex-"Beatnigs" from San Francisco. Includes the hit, "Television, the drug of the Nation".

Bad Religion

- Generator

If you're familiar with "Against the Grain", or any other releases from this legendary Southern California combo, you'll know that Generator is another fine release in the punk/thrash vein that Bad Religion helped pioneer. IMPORT

James

- 7

They've been around, seen a lot, and now they've arrived in a big way. Once tagged "the new Smiths", they've pursued other pop pleasures to mega-success. With "7", their brand new lp, one has to ask, "is Canada next?"

14.98cd
9.98cass

All prices from this ad are in effect
until April 30, 1992.



So BunnyHop Down To Zulu!

USED TAPES

We have hundreds of 'em, mostly priced between \$2 and \$5, and there's always more coming in. Check out our quality selection at a price made even better with this coupon.

- The Fine Print -

Offer only valid with this coupon.

Coupon must be presented before sale is rung in.

Free tape must be of equal or lesser value.

Valid until April 30th, 1992.

BUY 3, GET 1 FREE!

New

Vancouver

Releases!



Windwalker • Rainstick
12.98cd/8.98cass

Hard Rock Miners • The Final Frontier

14.98cd/9.98cass

